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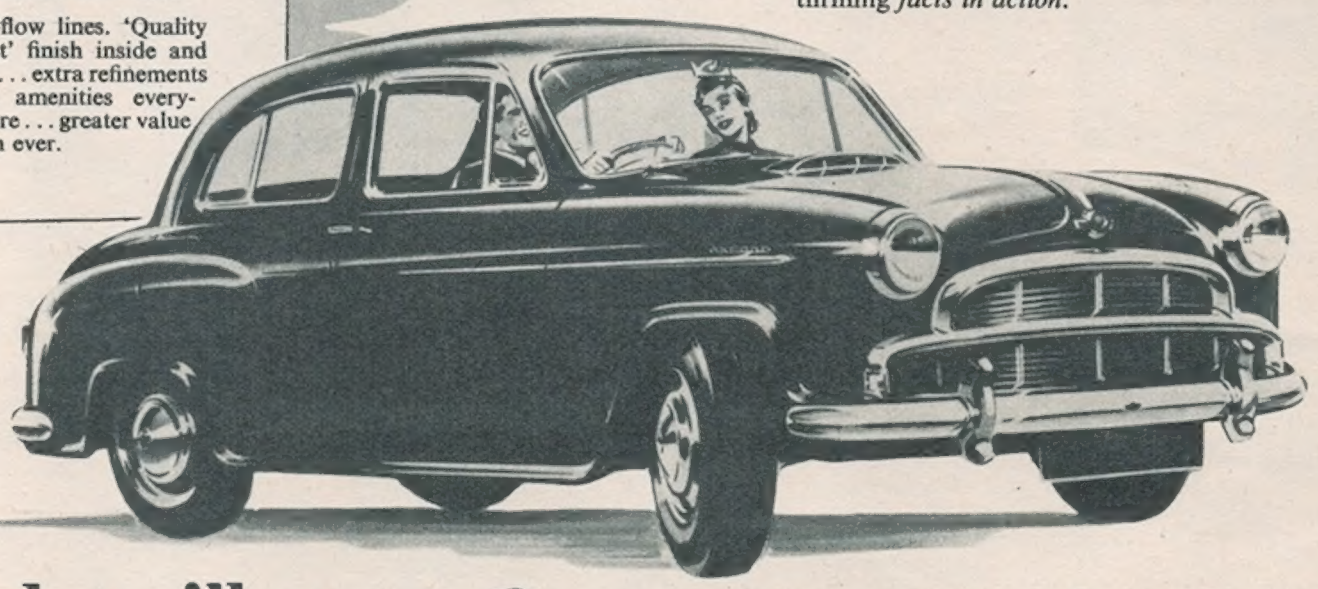

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 MAY 12 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2602

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Clive Burnley with his wife and one of their two sons

THE story on page 12 is the eighth by Clive Burnley to appear in JOHN BULL, but he has no intention of becoming a full-time writer. That would upset his comfortable habit of writing short stories in longhand in bed at night. Burnley's bread and butter comes from a thriving two thousand acre industrial estate at West Thurrock, on the Essex marshes, of which he is the assistant manager.

Writing a dozen stories a year is for him a spare-time enjoyment which he thinks was predestined at the age of one when his Yorkshire-born father, himself the author of several books, inscribed one of them: "To my bonnie boy Clive, to read when he gets old enough."

Born at Harrow in 1910, Burnley spent most of his boyhood at Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, absorbing a love of the countryside. He began writing fiction in 1936, but the war sent him into the Royal Navy, where he rose from rating to lieutenant and met his wife, Joan, who was then a nurse.

Today, Burnley, his wife and their two young sons live in a sixteen-roomed eighteenth-century farmhouse with a view across the Essex marshes to the Thames and the Kent coast. Apart from his work and his writing, Burnley paints, cultivates an acre of garden and another acre of apple orchard.

He has written only one novel—a thriller called *Perfect Murder*. It failed to find a publisher, and he turned to shorter stories. "Two of them were bought by an American TV firm," he says. "Another, called *The Passionate Cow*, was broadcast in the B.B.C. Eastern European service. I never discovered why."

WHEREVER Harry Hopkins went in Malta ("Crossroads Of The World," page 9), he saw the offices of the Lotto, the public lottery which has long been an important institution in the island.

One Sunday afternoon he went to Palace Square in the centre of Valletta to watch the draw. From great cases, police and officials tipped thousands of tiny hollow spheres—each containing a counterfoil—into ten large wire cages, which churned and mixed them under the eye of the Director of the Public Lotto. The rattle and roar could be heard streets away. Not even the brass band could relieve the deadly monotony of the proceedings, which dragged on through the hot afternoon.

"The prizes make the £1,000 of Britain's Premium Bonds scheme seem pretty insignificant," says Hopkins. In the draw he watched, the first prize of £35,000 went to an Australian in Brisbane. The second—£10,000—was won by a man on the Gold Coast. Not until the fifth prize—£1,000—was reached was there a Maltese among the winners.

JOYANCE
Childs sizes 7 to 2½ in pageant blue or beige grain. Childs 7 to teenagers 8 in cherry red or brown grain; also white nubuck. **18/9 to 33/9**
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Free Speech

- **Women who pull the purse-strings tight**
- **The Tsar—fool or humanitarian?**
- **When skilled labour goes to waste**

WOMEN are always claiming to me that it's their privilege to change their minds. In one respect, I wish they would—to become a little less mean.

Recently, a woman colleague in my office retired after twenty-five years, and the office made a collection for a farewell gift. The ten men on the staff were all generous, and donated £4 between them. The six women's total contribution: 2s. 7d. Husbands, I suppose, are entitled to commend their wives for frugality with the housekeeping allowance, but most of the women in our office are single and are earning almost as much as the men.

This is not an isolated example of feminine meanness. A waiter told me that recently a party of four women, whose bill came to £2 10s., left him ninepence between them.

And a more personal case: I have been taking the same girl out for three years—and although she is earning as much as I am, she has not once offered to return my hospitality. —W. J. THOMAS, Cardiff.

Not So Risky

Most insurance companies will increase life insurance premiums in the case of bad health, or a dangerous occupation like flying, but recently a friend obtained a reduced premium.

A vegetarian, he took out a policy which carried with it a reduction of 2s. on the premium for every £100 insured. Vegetarians, apparently, are considered a better risk than meat eaters.

Some insurance companies quote lower rates for teetotallers. One company told me that if my baby son's normal expectation of life were sixty years or thereabouts, he would be likely to live two or three years longer if he were a teetotaller—with cheaper insurance into the bargain.—R. D., London, S.E.1.

Still Blowing?

What has happened to our south-west wind, which geography books used to tell us was the prevailing wind of this country? In Yorkshire, anyway, south-west winds seem to have disappeared. The wind direction varies anywhere round the compass, and days with a south-westerly are indeed rare. If my observations are borne out by facts, can it be that our climate is becoming colder?—W. HITCHEN, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

"The south-westerly is still Britain's prevailing wind," says the Meteorological Office, "but the lie of the land and variations in daily temperature make it difficult to recognize from any one point. What evidence there has been over the last fifty years suggests that Britain is getting a little warmer."

Rebels Spared

Tsar martyr Nicholas II was not the pompous fool that A. J. P. Taylor suggests ("The Birth Of Red Russia," JOHN BULL, April 14): he was a humanitarian who, when asked by his Minister of the Interior if he would consent to the immediate arrest of a few thousand revolutionaries to prevent bloodshed, refused to consider it. Had he done so, millions of his subjects would have been spared an unmarked grave.

The revolution was not supported or brought about by the Russian people, but by materialistic intellectuals who thwarted the Tsar and his ministers. The people wept when told that their "Little Father," the Tsar, had abdicated.

A. J. P. Taylor says that the people were against the monarchy and adds: "Even the most reactionary generals never proposed to restore Tsar Nicholas II." It is a pity he does not quote Leon Trotsky, then leader of the Red Army, who said: "Had the Whites advocated a People's Tsar, they would have defeated us."—PETER J. HUXLEY-BLYTHE, Director, The Friends Of National Russia, Fleetwood, Lancs.

A. J. P. Taylor replies: "It's nice to think that some people have a high opinion of Tsar Nicholas II."

Golden Idea

During an arithmetic lesson, one of my pupils said he had one-eighth of £1. Of course, the others said, "Half a crown," but the boy brought it to school—a tiny gold coin worth that amount. On one side there was what looked like a portrait of Queen Victoria.—MRS. HOBSON, Hilderstone, Stone, Staffordshire.

"This could be one of the many patterns of coins produced privately in Queen Victoria's time as suggested currency," says the Royal Mint. "They are not coins of the realm and are not, therefore, legal tender.

"It was probably not illegal to make coins privately then, as it was not intended to use them as currency, but it is prohibited by law now."

New Man

My husband was a nondescript type of man and a mediocre commercial traveller—until he grew a gigantic bushy moustache. Surprisingly, his sales grew with it. He now finds that, instead of being one of a crowd and perhaps forgotten, he is well known as "the little chap with the big whiskers," and thanks to this his sales figures have trebled.—MRS. G., Essex.

Customer's Tip

I had never heard of a taxi driver tipping a passenger before, but it has happened to me. He pressed a farthing into my hand, saying: "No taxi driver ever carries one if he can help it. It means he will have a bad day for business, so I'll be grateful if you'll accept it, madam."—MISS E. V. HUNT, Donaldson Road, London, N.W.6.

Price Of Skill

The government recently extended technical education facilities to encourage more young people to enter the scientific and electronic industries, where there is a shortage of skilled labour. There are many technical craftsmen employed in non-technical work because of pay incentive and housing difficulties in the areas where skilled labour is required.

I am a radio and electronic engineer with qualifications and still studying, but my salary is only £8 5s.—no

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

1 DOWN, then another, and another, and another . . . and before you know it, you've eaten all the 'ROSES'

Cadburys Roses Chocolates

REDUCED PRICES FOR 'ROSES'

1/- a quarter, loose

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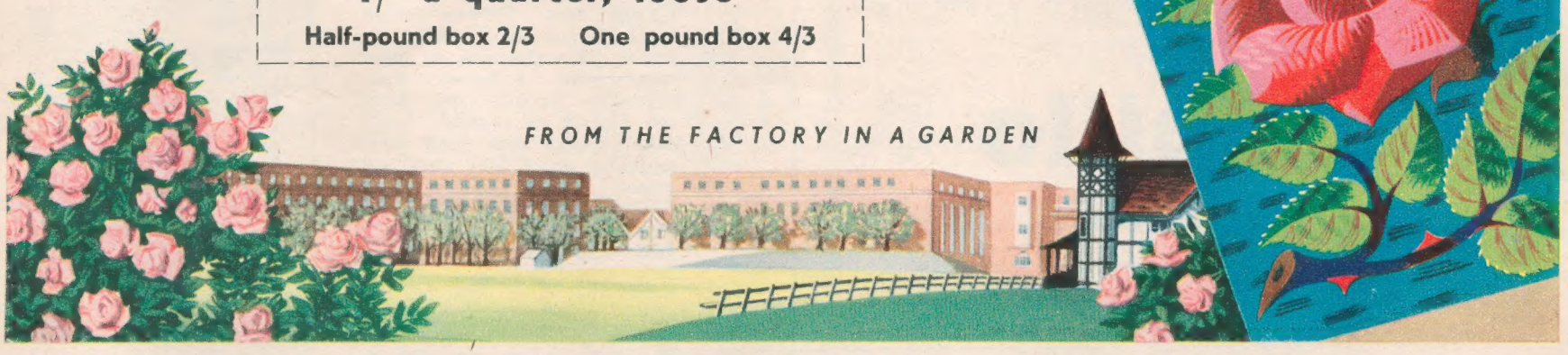

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Dunlopillo **BOLSTERS** *and* **PILLOWS**

6D/DIA

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

overtime allowed—compared with the £11 18s. a relative of mine gets as a labourer. Two weeks ago, his pay, with overtime, amounted to £18 10s.

The housing problem prevents me from moving to another district, and a genuine interest stops me taking an unskilled job.—P. D., Sussex.

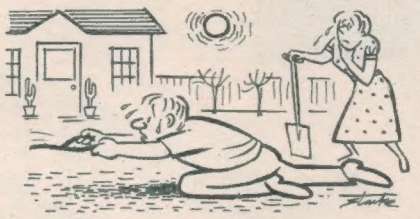
Deferred Payment

I have just come to live in a new town. Traders on all sides press me to have accounts with them. "Pay me any time, madam—it doesn't matter," they urge. It's all very well for a strong-minded housewife who is an experienced manager, but fatal to the newly wed, or the weak-willed or poor shopper. By all means let us have traders who don't grumble when they don't get their money in, but let them be more careful how they give credit.—Mrs. J. L., Taunton, Somerset.

Twisting Twig

Even in the heart of the country in time of drought, people seem chary of trying their luck at divining water, which they would probably find quite near the back door if they cared to "look."

I treated it as a joke until I discovered that my hazel twig really did pull and twist in my hands over a



spot in the garden. I was not convinced then, but sure enough there was a spring about two feet down.—F. Clear, Hayle, Cornwall.

Since Roman times, divining rods have been used to find hidden materials. The reactions of the diviner, or dowser, are thought to be due to the effect of electro-magnetic fields on his neuro-muscular system.

"Most people could dowse if they tried hard enough," says the British Society of Dowsers. "The necessary sensitivity exists in nearly everyone."

Tasty Rent

Interesting discussions are going on in my village on whether or not the "larks silver" levy of 3s. a year we have had to pay since 1249 should be redeemed by paying a lump sum. Originally, it was paid in kind—one hundred larks—but after a few years, as it became more difficult to procure the birds, the Commissioners of Crown Lands decided to accept money instead.

The village also pays 10s. a year common fine for the privilege of being allowed to settle disputes in the parish court, instead of at Cambridge.—Mrs. A. J. Butler, Meldreth, Cambridgeshire.

Meldreth's "larks silver" was originally levied by the Earl of Clare as rent for lands he owned in and around the village. He insisted on payment of one hundred larks to provide himself with a lark pie once a year.

Unwanted Children

Recently, a child was found wandering about a city because his father and mother would not accept responsibility for him. The child was taken into the care of a children's home.

It seems that the parents, who both had enough money to keep him, have shelved their responsibility very neatly. I suppose the child will be kept at the ratepayer's expense.—Mrs. D. E. Barnes, Blackwell, Derby.

"Although local authorities are bound by law to receive children into care," says a county council, "parents have to contribute towards their maintenance. There is a sliding scale of payment according to income, and if parents can afford it, they have to bear the total expense."

Eyes Right

To avoid a multiplicity of Halt and Slow signs ("Free Speech," March 17), we could well adopt a simple regulation which is in force in New South Wales, Australia. This says that where your vehicle and another are approaching each other at a crossing or junction so that there is a danger of collision, the other vehicle, if it is on your right hand side, has the right of way. In the case of a collision, there would be no doubt about the offender.—A. H. Haley, Woolton, Liverpool.

"This system is widely used on the Continent and is practically foolproof," says an expert. "Britain is still looking for a satisfactory road sign, but this seems to be the real answer, for it is simple, effective and far less expensive."

Fewer Frogs

At the school which my small son attends, the children are encouraged to take frog spawn, so that they can watch its week-by-week development through the tadpole stage. This year, however, he has been disappointed; he has sought in vain for spawn, which this year seems to be scarce.—L. S. E., London, N.

"There is a shortage of frogs—and consequently, spawn—near the larger towns," says a zoologist. "Building development, good drainage and the demands of medical schools for frogs for experimental purposes have all tended to reduce the supply."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

Here's a young man with the right idea. Flowers behind his back and his heart on his sleeve. He deserves a more spontaneous welcome than Wyles has painted. But that's the picture in romance these days. Pretty girls (and their mothers) never look surprised unless they're well-prepared. Mothers, of course, play an important part in these affairs. Just when a girl thinks she's a fully-fledged *femme fatale* she learns the value of some old-fashioned romantic tactics. And so does that shrewd boy friend. Those flowers are for Mother.

Waterman's Revolutionary fountain pen

You don't fill it you load it

with cartridge of real ink!

C/F CARTRIDGES Unbreakable; transparent; can be carried anywhere. Blue/Black, Blue, Red or Green ink. In cartons 8 for 2/10

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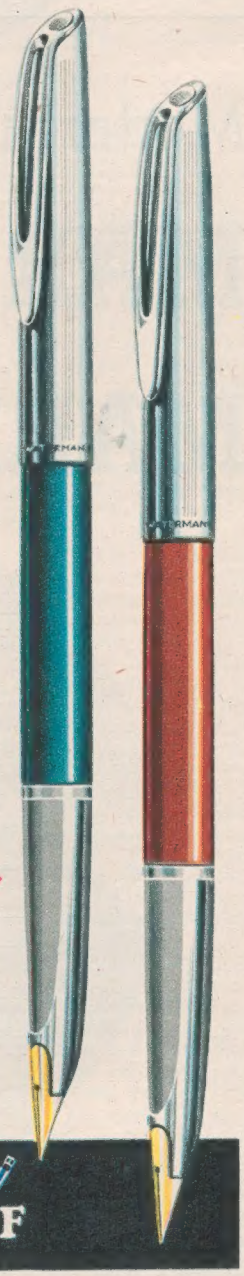
Revolutionary C/F is loaded with an unbreakable cartridge of real ink. As the barrel is replaced the cartridge is automatically pierced and fresh ink is ready to flow. No mess. No fuss. A completely dry operation so quick and clean you could do it in the dark.



SEE HOW IT LOOKS

Jewel-like C/F is quite the best looking pen in the world. The nib-section has been designed with an elegant inlay flaring back from the diamond-dusted nib. The cap and clip taper smoothly away to a polished facet.

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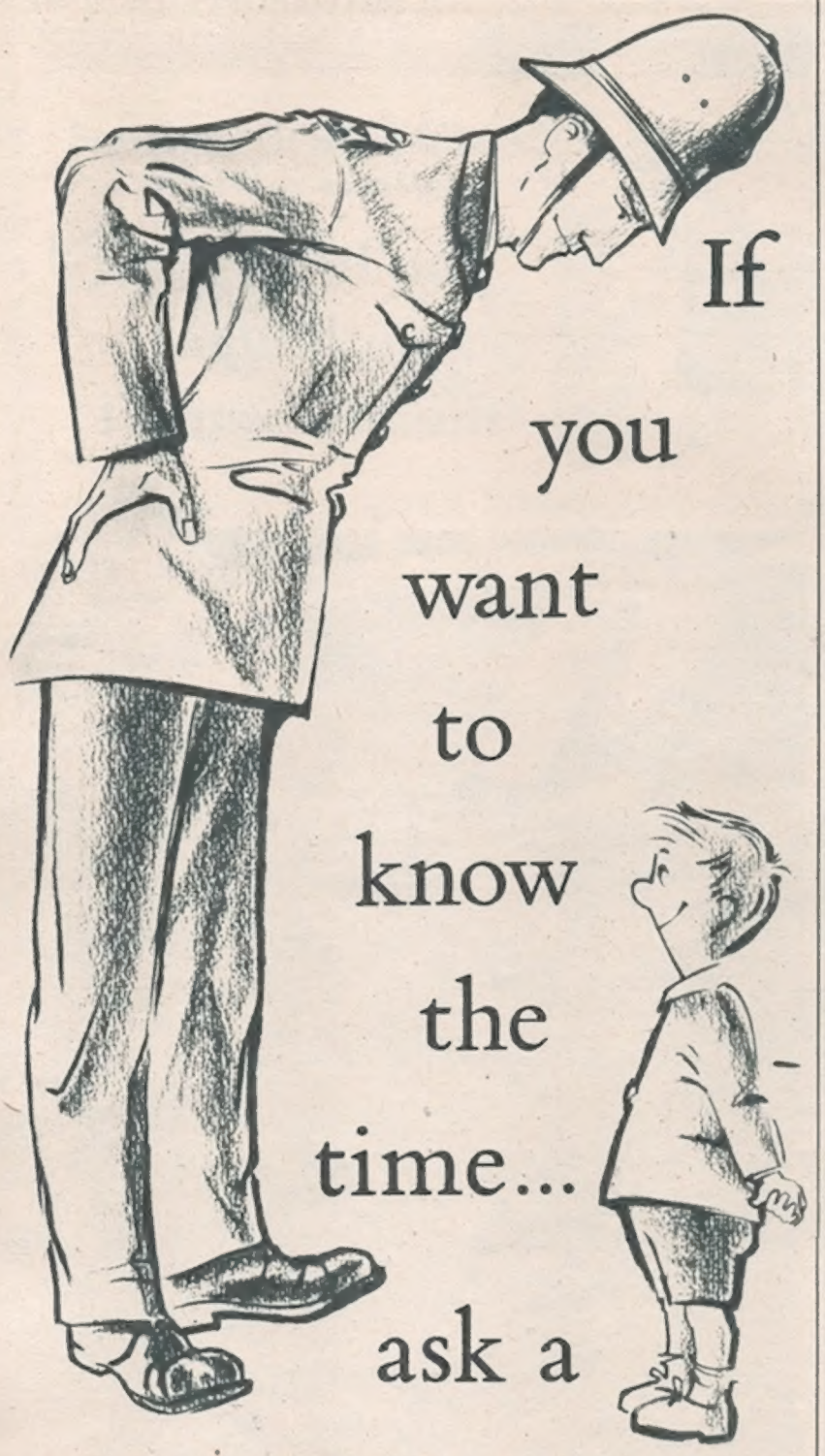

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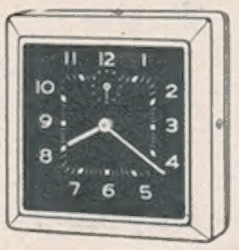

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by HARRY HOPKINS

Fireworks on carnival island

Politics go with a bang in gay, Mediterranean Malta. Today argument rages as the colony prepares to choose between two men and two futures

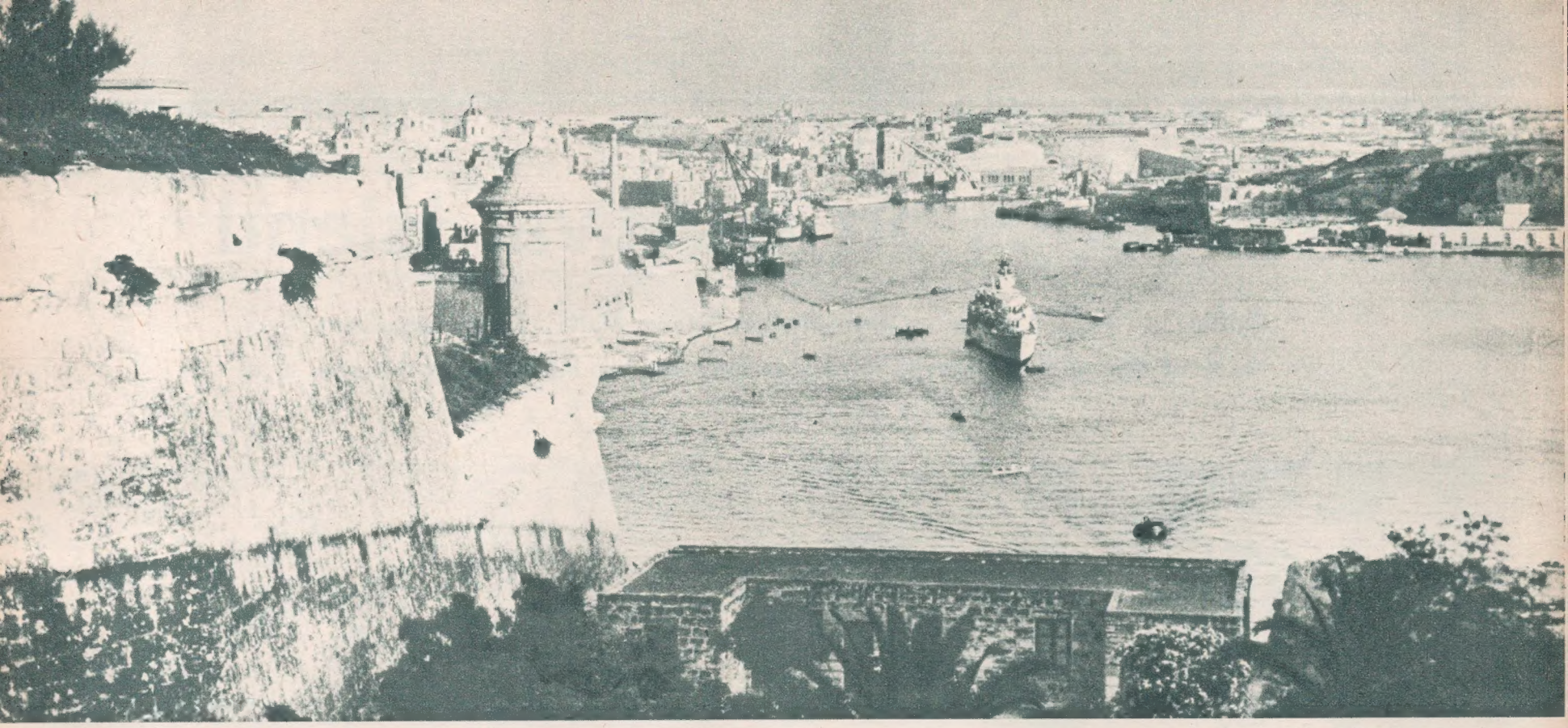
Dom Mintoff, Malta's young premier, wants his country to join the United Kingdom. His opponents would prefer dominion status

CHARLIE BUHAGIAR is a bright, kindly, rather bird-like little man, thirty-five years old, a shipwright in H.M. Dockyard, Malta. He is a bachelor, the eldest of three brothers, and lives with his parents in Cameron Street, Gzira, one of the communities clustering around the creeks that thrust out like gnarled fingers from the bastioned and embattled peninsula of Valletta, the walled city founded four hundred years ago—in another long-drawn war of faiths—by Grand Master La Vallette, of the Knights of St. John.

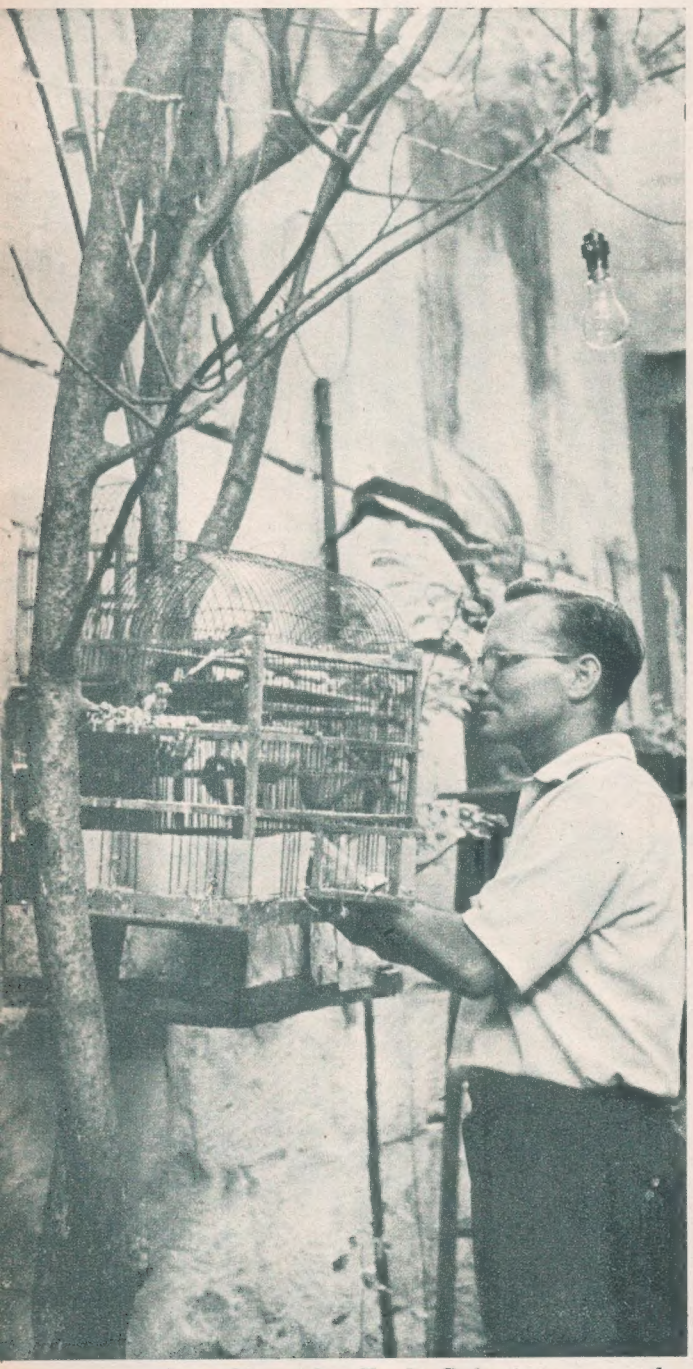
When not at work in the dockyard or looking after the budgerigars he breeds at home, Charlie Buhagiar is generally to be found at the Labour Club at the corner of Cameron Street. For these are exciting days in Malta, and for Charlie—Nenu in Maltese—and his dockyard mates and neighbours on Cameron Street, there is much to discuss as they look forward with quiet satisfaction to the day when they will become citizens and electors of the United Kingdom, sending off their three M.P.s to Westminster.

Indeed, for Charlie Buhagiar and his friends this transcending of mere distance seems almost a personal triumph. For was not "integration," backed by their trade unions, the much-derided

The Maltese celebrate feast-days with music and processions. For them the *festa* is the very essence of life



The Knights of St. John held Malta for centuries. Now, as a British base, it draws one-third of its income from the dockyard and Services



As a shipwright, Charlie Buhagiar earns under £6 a week, including overtime. Shop prices in Malta are roughly on the British levels

idea of Dominic Mintoff, their own battling Dom Mintoff, the champion of Malta's workers —and at thirty-nine the youngest prime minister in the Commonwealth?

A bold new departure indeed—and yet it was, after all, on just such flashes of improvising genius that the Commonwealth was built. And, oddly enough, Cameron Street, and the hundreds of other humble streets like it, may not blend at all badly into that already richly variegated —but highly successful—composition we call the United Kingdom.

FOR, especially if one goes along there in the evening, Cameron Street, with its Labour Club at one end and its small bar round the corner, breathes a sort of warm gregariousness, a chirrupy sociability that sometimes, just for a moment, seems almost cockney. All down the street the square wooden balconies jut from the upper floors. From beneath their windows—which hinge from the top upwards and outwards—lean the women of the house, like captains on their bridges, surveying the street below where people sit on chairs dotted about the pavements, or on their own front steps, enjoying the cool of the evening.

No. 101, where Charlie Buhagiar lives, is like the others a tall, narrow house with two-feet thick walls of solid stone—for though brick is now slowly gaining ground, the Maltese, conservative in such things, still regard it with suspicion, and, anyhow, stone is cooler in the hot, humid days of summer. The Buhagiars have only the two ground-floor rooms; as often happens, the upper part is let to a British naval rating's family. There are ten thousand British Service families in Malta—and few people in Cameron Street can afford a whole house to themselves.

I found Mrs. Buhagiar, Charlie's mother—who is troubled a good deal with her heart these days —sitting on a chair by the front step, talking to the woman next door. Behind, a long, narrow passage leads from the front-room, with its elaborate gilt clock, through the bedroom and on into the long back court where the cages of Charlie's twenty budgerigars hang against the wall amid the boughs of an apricot tree. There is an old table there, too, generally piled with wooden floats holding bread-baited hooks—ready for Charlie's father to take along when he goes out in his small boat fishing in the creek.

A spry sixty-four, Mr. Buhagiar senior is a retired Royal Navy cook who served in the first World War, and then, during the bomb-blasted days of the second World War, served again as assistant cook to Lord Gort, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the island. H.M. Dockyard and H.M. Services are, indeed, the warp and woof of the Buhagiar family's existence—as they are of Maltese working-class life in general. Charlie's youngest brother, who was lucky to get a house just across the street on his marriage, is a naval steward with seven years' service in and fifteen more still to do for his pension. The middle brother, a three-striper now, is batman to the commander of H.M.S. Ranpura. His sister's husband is a corporal in the Royal Malta Artillery, which mans the coastal and anti-aircraft defences of the island.

Maltese who join the Royal Navy in Malta are in a special category with limited liabilities. They can only be seamen, stewards, stoker-mechanics and cooks—and their pay is less than that of their U.K.-based equivalents. The

The five keys of the strongroom door at the government pawnshop, which now does a quarter of its prewar business

distinction has naturally rankled. Yet when Admiral Mountbatten started an equal-opportunities scheme, giving the chance of enlistment and training in Britain, the response was slight. For, by inclination, the Maltese are home birds, not roamers. And Maltese sailors, it is said, are —like Admiral Lord Nelson—congenital martyrs to seasickness.

Humble as the service may be, such "Imperial" connections—the adjective is still good currency in Malta—are a matter of quiet pride. Carefully polished, Mr. Buhagiar's war medals hang in the glass-fronted china cupboard that seems an indispensable fitment of every Maltese home. In a place of honour near the family wedding groups hangs a framed photograph of the batman-brother's last ship.

To the passing eye, Cameron Street seems prosperous enough. People are decently dressed—for many Maltese wives still make at home their own, their children's and even some of their husbands' clothes. Inside, the houses are well and solidly furnished, for pieces pass down from generation to generation—and a family will cut short on food rather than that its daughter should go without a proper dowry.

But the pinch is there, all the same. Life has never been easy on Malta—and it is not easy even now. As a shipwright, Charlie Buhagiar was taking home £5 14s. a week—but that included a good deal of overtime that he was getting just then.

Dockyard pay is sometimes not much more than half that of comparative British grades—a point brought sharply home by the presence of U.K.-based workers in the yard. Since most goods must be imported, shop prices are roughly on English levels.

Yet dockyard employment represents the "gilt-edged" of the Malta labour market. The ambition of every Maltese father is to get his boy into the dockyard apprentices' school—with a steady guaranteed job at the end of it. In small private undertakings and shops, pay rates fall to the merest pittance.

Thus, in order to maintain their families in the respectability they prize, many men resort to the characteristically Maltese device of the double job. A dockyard driver runs a little corner haberdashery in the evenings; a civil servant—also poorly paid—does weekends as a tourist guide; most dockyards clerks sell tickets for the public lottery—and so on.

The margin remains precarious. When such

Archbishop Gonzi fears that integration into the United Kingdom may limit the influence of the Church in Catholic Malta

Dr. Borg Olivier, leader of the Nationalist party, campaigns vigorously against integration

In Malta, everybody loves a lottery. Besides the national lotto, there are local lotteries for the island's bands

shifts fail—since there is as yet no unemployment insurance, and other reliefs are vestigial—only one thing has saved the day: the tremendous solidarity of the Maltese family. To the straitened member, Mother—a key figure on the island—says: "Move in with us for a while. Lay another place at the table! We will just put a little more water in the soup."

However well such a system may have served in Nelson's time, in these postwar days of a highly industrialized dockyard, well-organized trade unions and welfare state ideas borne on the winds from Britain, it begins to seem, even in this small sea-girt island, more than a trifle anomalous. That is why, in the Labour Club at the end of Cameron Street, with its symbolic flaming-torch badge upon the wall, there is some pretty far-ranging talk these days, between the bouts of darts; and that is why there hangs above the front-room door at No. 101 a large framed photograph of the keen, bespectacled features of Dominic Mintoff.

The whole story of Malta in the last few years has indeed been of the emergence of such humble people as Charlie Buhagiar and his friends of Cameron Street, the ordinary Maltese, under the wing of the Malta Labour party and the dynamic leadership of this young man, Dom Mintoff, one of themselves, a naval cook's son who in 1939 won the island's annual Rhodes scholarship to Oxford. And Mintoff's magic word, the Open Sesame to the modern world for Malta's newly self-conscious underprivileged, has been this strangely academic word, "integration."

In short, a social revolution is in the making. For before the war things were very much otherwise. Politics were nationalist in complexion, the pursuit of middle-class intellectuals, lawyers and so on, who tended to look for the satisfaction of their aspirations not towards Britain, but to Italy, the Italy of "Mare Nostrum."

After all, travel to Italy a few miles away was easy; to go to Britain was difficult. Italian was the language of the Maltese courts, of the Maltese Catholic Church (on the important occasions) and of the island's élite, who proudly traced their heritage from the international military order of the Knights of St. John, who had held the island against the infidel from 1530 to Napoleon's seizure of it.

The apex of this society was the Maltese nobility whose sonorous titles derive in the main from the Grand Masters of the Knights—although the premier baron, the Most Noble Baron I'Sceberras d'Amico Inguanez, received his title from a fourteenth-century King of Aragon. Its broad—and invisible—base was the ordinary Maltese, a peasant whose spoken tongue, the ancient Maltese language, was merely "the vernacular." The prewar conflicts with Britain—and they were long and embittered—centred round the Nationalists' insistence on the compulsory teaching of Italian in elementary and secondary schools. It was over this issue that the Constitution was suspended.

OUTRIGHT pro-Italianism was buried under the mountains of rubble as from Sicily, fifty miles away, Kesselring's bombers continuously pounded the small island which Mussolini had boasted he would reduce in four hours. But among the middle-aged middle class a certain nostalgia remains. In Malta *buona sera* is still felt to be an important shade more elegant than *bon soir* and to have an even greater edge over that other alternative, also much heard, *ta-tá*. As a middle-aged notary put it to me: "We are Europeans—our customs are those of southern Italy and France and Spain. Of course, I quite agree, economically it is necessary to learn English. But Italian, you know, it is a beautiful language. . . ."

And when one walks down Kingsway, the principal artery of Valletta, in the first cool of a summer evening, with the people pouring out from their homes till they fill the whole wide street in a solid moving mass; when one sits in the square with that formidable palace of the Grand Masters as a backdrop, with the crowds at the café tables under the sky and the band going full blast and the girls and their mothers fluttering their fans, then one sees that though it may now be Queen's Square and no longer Piazza Regina, it is still, after all, a long way from Battersea.

It is this feeling of having a strongly distinctive life of their own, of the utter alienness of distant, grey, rain-washed, industrialized and Protestant England, that lies behind the stand of Dr. Borg Olivier's Nationalist party (which polled forty per cent of the votes in the 1955 election) in rejecting integration and demanding dominion status for Malta. It is an

Continued on page 38

All right, let Mark Fielding fume and fight! Rosemary knew it wouldn't help him . . . there was magic at work

Pennyrue

by ***CLIVE BURNLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CANNING

"Now you get out of here," shouted Mark. "Go away. You leave me alone. I've had about all I can stand"

IT is refreshing to think that there are still more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of by nuclear physicists. There is, for example, the yellow pennyrue, which is also called maid's mirror. It is a lowly plant; but it is also the most magical of herbs, according to English folklore.

As witness the story of what happened in Creevy Monachorum when Rose Faraday put it to the test.

Creevy Monachorum! The medieval name will convey to you what sort of a village it was: old buildings amid old trees six miles from the nearest classified road. But it wasn't a simple life in Creevy. Far from it. Nobody had an electric kitchen, and main drainage didn't reach like the television service. Cinemas were remote, so that the younger generation could not model themselves upon photogenic prototypes but had to invent themselves from nothing, a much more tiring business.

And everybody in Creevy knew so much about everybody else that familiarity bred all sorts of contempt, and there were more factions, *cliques,* pressure groups and splinter parties than in the Mother of Parliaments herself.

About the only simple thing in Creevy was probably Rosemary Faraday, who lived with her mother in Handy Cottage opposite the village hall.

Rosemary was a quiet girl, for one thing; not likely to boo geese or have butter melt in her mouth, they said. She looked at everything out of wide grey eyes as if she had never seen it before.

Rosemary wasn't in the youth club or the St. Martin's Amateur Dramatic Society, but she did go to the lecture that Mrs. Pottering-Whyte gave in the village hall on Herbs of Hedge and Forest.

The tedium of village life was such that quite a good audience heard this uninspiring discourse, including Mark Fielding, nephew of the proprietor of the sawmill at Cooper's Bottom, and his reputed fiancée from Chipping Winch, Judith Weller, both of whom arrived under the impression that it was the night for the square dancing class and discovered their error too late.

When the talk was over, a group of young people formed outside the hall beside the small grey car in which Mark was about to drive Judith home to Chipping Winch. And it was Shirley May Hodgkin who started the strange ball rolling.

SHE said with scorn: "Mrs. Potty-White! What does *she* know about herbs? Never even mentioned pennyrue—and it's Monty's Eve tonight, too!"

"Why, so it is," said Judith. "And if a girl sleeps with pennyrue under her pillow tonight, the first man she sees in the morning she'll marry. So long as he isn't a relative, of course." She sighed. "How I wish it really did work!"

"But of course it works," declared Rosemary, with deep conviction.

They giggled at her. They all knew the old wives' tale about pennyrue and St. Montague's Eve. It was cradle lore. But, of course, any real belief in such a legend was unthinkable.

"It worked for my ma," Rosemary said stubbornly. "And for my Aunt Ellen. There's a lot of truth in these old things. Of course I believe it."

"Well, you'd better try it then," advised Mark, switching on his ignition. "That's pennyrue you're standing on."

Rosemary bent down and plucked some of the button-like flowers with their faint and dusky fragrance. "All right," she

answered defiantly, "I will. I've always been afraid to, before. But I will, this time, just to prove it. . . ."

The Festival of St. Montague, the following day, was no real credit to the saint's powers. It was dull and clammy, with a fine warm drizzle. Mark Fielding walked down to the old barn by the sub-post office where he garaged his little car; a stroll that took him past Handy Cottage at the precise moment when Rosemary Faraday emerged from her gate.

"Oh!" she gasped, and went white and then red. She put one hand to her lips and the other across her breast and stood there limply, spectral in her transparent plastic cape.

"Hallo, there!" said Mark casually, passing on.

"But Mr. Fielding!" Rosemary cried. "It's you! I mean the pennyrue. . . ."

"Well, fancy that now!" said Mark amiably. "We'll make a fine couple," and he raised his hat and moved on.

But Rosemary moved on beside him, looking at him with a bewildered face.

"I never dreamed it'd be you," she said miserably. "I don't think it's at all what I wanted. Oh dear, we shall never be happy, I'm sure we shan't. Oh, why couldn't it have been someone else?"

"I wouldn't let it worry you," Mark told her. "As far as I'm concerned, it *is* someone else, you know."

"Oh, yes," she said. "But, then, it's out of our hands now. I mean it's a sort of appeal to Providence, like the ordeals by fire and water and that sort of thing. It's a sign. It's fate. There just isn't anything we can do about it."

"Now look here," began Mark.

"I'll try and make you a good wife," Rosemary said earnestly. "I promise I'll try."

"Rosemary Faraday!" Mark shouted. "Once and for all——"

"It's going to be so difficult," Rosemary said, "when you start with that sort of attitude. We'll be quarrelling and quarrelling. Oh, dear! And I don't think I love you at all. But I will try. Honest I will, I promise. I'll never divorce you, whatever happens."

Mark laughed. "Well, you've had your joke," he said. "You took me in for a moment. Those whom pennyrue has joined together, let no man put asunder! But you've had your laugh, so now let's forget it."

"It's no joke," said Rosemary miserably. "It's the worst thing that ever happened to me."

"Oh, for the love of Mike!" exclaimed Mark.

He got his car out and drove off to the sawmill. Rosemary continued on her way to the sub-post office to send off Aunt Ellen's birthday card. She said to Mrs. Marlow, the postmistress: "Mark Fielding and me are going to be married."

"Well, now!" cried Mrs. Marlow. "But I thought——"

"It's all settled," said Rosemary.

And before the Red Lion opened that morning the news was known as far as Steeple Claygate.

NEXT day when the noon whistle blew at the sawmill, Mark sat down on a felled tree and prepared to eat his lunch of cheese sandwiches. Old Leary the foreman came up carrying rather gingerly something wrapped in greaseproof paper on a plate.

"Your wife just left this," he said, sniffing at it. "Made it herself for your dinner, she said. 'Apple turnup or whatever they call it, still warm. Sweet-looking kid, ain't she? But, come to think, I don't ever recollect finding a half-crown towards a set of chromium-plated fish-eaters on your account."

"It's that damn girl I was telling you about," replied Mark, with fury. "She's mad."

"And so are you, I reckon," said Leary, pulling out his jackknife. "Too mad to eat it. But it's a crying shame to waste good victuals," he added, cutting himself a slab.

"Like as not it's poisoned," said Mark.

"It's a tasty brand of arsenic then," answered Leary. "Can't beat home cooking, can you? I don't care if she does this every day. It slipped down a treat. Now what do we do with this plate? It's hers."

"I'll show you what to do with it," cried Mark, and flung it at a flint wall, against which it made a satisfying crash.

Before he set off for work next morning, Mark was anxiously warned by his mother, who had by this time received certain intelligence; you couldn't ride two horses, she said, and she advised him to remember what ruined his Uncle Fred.

As he was getting his car out of the barn, Rosemary Faraday came up. She said: "Mark, darling, I don't think you're looking so well this morning."

"That's your fault," he told her.

"You mustn't give in," she said. "It worries me, too, because it's not at all what I wanted, but we must put the best face on it, somehow. Aunt Millie's promised to buy all our bed linen as a wedding present. Can you come to Chipping on Saturday and

"Good-bye, dear," she said. "You did say you liked pork pies, didn't you?"

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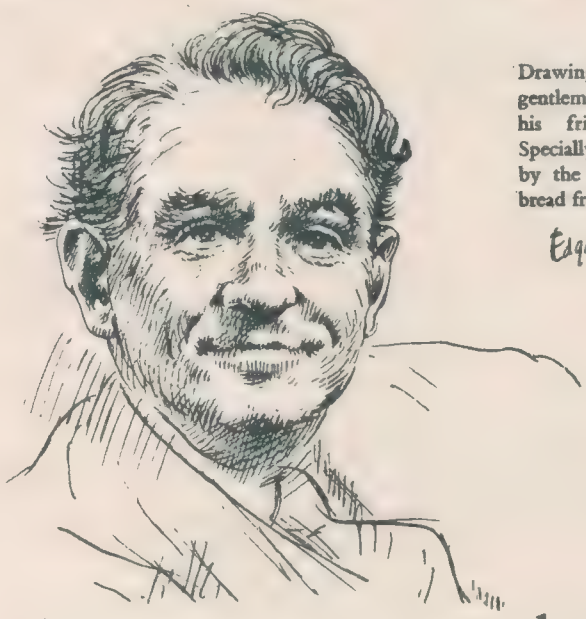

Drawing from life of a gentleman who chooses his friends, as well. Specially commissioned by the House of Whitbread from

Edgar Ainsworth

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help to choose it. I wouldn't want to get anything you wouldn't like."

"If you don't stop this," Mark said, "I'll go to the police. I'll have the law on you."

"The police couldn't do anything," she said. "It's fate. You can't alter that."

"I'll alter your fate," he shouted. "Quick, too, if you don't give over."

Rosemary took a blackcurrant tart to the sawmill that day. Old Leary met her at the gate and took it very respectfully, placing it on a tin platter of his own and returning her plate. It was very palatable and he didn't think it friendly to annoy Mark by mentioning it.

That evening, when Mark went to collect his car, he found Rosemary sitting in it.

"I went over to Chipping for the bed linen today," she said, "since you wouldn't come on Saturday. I got pillow-cases for three bob each, but I wasn't sure whether you'd like the coloured sheets, so I left them. The bus dropped me at Scarlet Corner and there's not a village one for an hour, so I thought——"

"You get out of this car," roared Mark, white with fury, "or I'll. . . ."

But at that moment his uncle, the proprietor of the mill, who prided himself on old-world manners, came up to talk timber, and in the end Mark had to drive Rosemary, but only as far as Parrot's Common, where he stopped.

"Now," he said, "you get out of this car."

She said: "Yes, Mark dear, if you want me to," very submissively and got out at once, taking with her two carrier bags full of shopping and a large brown paper parcel. Mark could not help feeling a little ashamed of himself as he drove off, leaving her trudging down the hill.

This feeling in turn made him angry with himself, and he drove too fast. Pulling in to the barn, his judgment was a little at fault both as regards speed and direction, and he took the high kerb rather faster than was wise and the wheels buckled.

When Rosemary trudged past, the breakdown van was there, but Mark was by that time at home, quite rightly blaming her for everything.

Next day it rained copiously. Mark had to walk to work and his cheese sandwiches became very soggy on the journey. When the noon whistle blew, he saw Leary sneaking past with his hand behind his back.

"No, you don't!" shouted Mark. "What's that you've got? Hand over; it's mine."

Mark wondered, as he ate the lunch, why it was that on this particular day Rosemary had put in not only lemon curd tart but also three very generous corned beef sandwiches. . . .

NEXT day, Rosemary found no one to meet her at the gates and so came in. She found Mark sitting on a sack of sawdust.

She said: "Here's your lunch, dear."

"Now, this has got to stop," said Mark firmly, taking the parcel nevertheless. "And you can stop this dear and darling rubbish, too."

"It sounds awful, I know," Rosemary agreed. "Mother'd call it forward and Aunt Millie'd say it was fast. But I've got to force myself to get used to it, somehow."

"Now this is the very last time," he said, unwrapping the parcel and trying not to look too eager about it. "Don't you ever bring anything up here again."

Inside the parcel was a little paste jar containing four pickled onions, some rolls sliced with cold pork and three jam tarts.

"There's some chlorophyll tablets in the little blue paper," she explained, "in case you like to breathe sweet after onions."

"Well, I'll have it," said Mark, as if he were doing her a great favour, "just this once. But if you come up here again after this I'll——"

"Do you like cold pork pies?" Rosemary asked.

"Maybe I do," he said, "but it's none of your business. The last time, I said."

"Do you like children?" she asked next, as if he might be a cannibal. She added: "I do, and I always think it's right people should agree about things like that before they're married so that they know how they stand——"

"Now you get out of here," shouted Mark. "Go away. You leave me alone, Rosemary Faraday. I've had about all I can stand. Get to hell out of here!"

"I'm not the sort of wife who wants to wear the breeches," Rosemary said. "Good-bye, dear. You did say you liked pork pies, didn't you?"

When Mark reached home that evening he found awaiting him a green envelope addressed in violet ink in an involved, back-sloping hand. It was from Judith, to say she would not see him on Saturday, or, in fact, ever again. She was terribly shocked by the things that everybody was saying about him and the Faraday girl. She realized now that he was obviously a man whose head could be turned by any pretty face. It was fortunate she had discovered this in time. Good-bye for ever!

Mark instantly realized in what rôle circumstance had cast him. He was the innocent and upright lover traduced by malicious slander, a man whose happiness was about to be ruined, unless he took immediate action. So he did not wait for his tea but, his car being still out of action, hurried out to catch the six-ten bus to Chipping, burning with righteous indignation, and never doubting that before the evening was out he would share in a tearful reconciliation.

He forgot that Judith had never been much given either to tears or sentiment. He arrived at the little semi-detached house in which Judith lived in time to be put in his place in an overqueenly manner, which was very galling, and to see her collected and driven away by a slick-mannered Chipping hardware store manager in a car several sizes larger and years newer than his own.

He then went directly to the Blackamoor's Head and drank two pints of old and mild before he realized how relieved he felt.

He reached Creevy again in the clear moonlight. It can only have been accidental that as he passed down the street, Rosemary stood at her mother's garden gate calling "Mick-Mick-Mick-Mick!" after the household cat.

At the sight of her, mixed emotions rose within Mark. He came up to her feeling certain that he was about to forget all restraint of breeding and knock her down out of hand. Instead, to his intense surprise, he leaned over the gate, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, pushing herself free and wiping her lips. "And I gave you those chlorophyll tablets, too!"

Mark paused for a moment, but was so bewildered by his own behaviour that he said nothing. Then, feeling an absolute idiot, he turned without a word and walked on homeward with a heavier tread.

BUT in the morning there was no doubt about his feelings. His resentment and indignation returned. To prove to himself their intensity, he rang up Barrett, White & Snowcliffe, solicitors, in Chipping, and fixed an appointment for next Friday. He was determined to settle with Miss Faraday for good and all. Then he waited grimly for the twelve o'clock whistle and the pork pie.

It did not come.

He was rather surly that afternoon, and was rash enough to engage in a slanging match with old Leary, which, of course, he lost. A warm white fog was hanging in the trees and hedges when he set off to walk home, and it was growing every minute denser. He took the footpath through Limer's Wood, as he usually did when afoot, and was continually tripping over tree-roots he couldn't see. When he came to the

Continued on page 45

He felt certain he would knock Rosemary down. But to his intense surprise, he leaned over and kissed her

ZANZABUKU · 2

by LEWIS COTLOW

I leave the pygmies for the land of giants

In an African paradise I found exotic women, men eight feet tall—and even the cows wore jewels

Cotlow watches as Watussi women play a game accompanied by music. "Rarely," he comments, "have I seen such poise"

Only the bravest pygmies may hunt elephants. After a kill, the meat is carved up in a riotous share-out

HURRYING along an almost imperceptible jungle path I tried breathlessly to keep up with three pygmy hunters. Suddenly, the little man in the lead held up his right hand, and the others stopped. One, who was about to take a step, actually kept one leg in the air, rather than risk making a sound.

The leader had lost the trail. Immediately, he dropped to the ground, moved a few leaves, then felt the earth with the palm of his hand. The others vanished into the foliage.

I stood still, tense, fearing that I should be lost: if the leader took four or five steps and vanished, I would be alone in the jungle without even a glimpse of the sun to guide me.

There was a soft, low whistle to my left. The leader beckoned me to follow, and soon we were proceeding, three hunters and a panting explorer on the path of a wild pig.

Within an hour they had made their kill. I was as pleased as they were, because I had not slowed them down or made so much noise as to spoil their hunt. . . .

I did not go with the pygmies of the great Ituri Forest on many hunts, even though I spent many weeks in the Belgian Congo on my three long expeditions to Africa. I first marvelled at their hunting skill when I stayed with them in 1937, and I made a point of revisiting them in 1946 and 1954 when I returned to make films.

I saw them track, stalk and kill half a dozen different creatures. I heard them use their wooden whistles to attract game, and I saw the work of their wonderful if unattractive dogs.

The dogs are mongrels, fox-like with splotchy coats. They can follow a trail even more swiftly than their masters, and they never get so far ahead that the *clop-clop* of the little wooden bells around their necks cannot be heard. Pygmy dogs have no bark, and the bell is essential.

No "man's best friend" relationship exists between master and dog, so far as I could see. Never did I witness a pat or other sign of affection. But no pygmy would underestimate the value of his dog, and a dog would give his life for his master.

One of my most depressing experiences among the pygmies was an unsuccessful hunt. Just as pygmies are hilariously gay and happy over

Watussi women do no menial work, and are carried by servants on visits to friends. Their husbands (in robes) walk by their side

Pygmies build a liana bridge. When finished it could hold a score of men carrying heavy loads

good things, so they are cast down and dejected beyond belief by disappointment.

On the way back to the clearing, my hunters even muffled the wooden bell on the dog. As he raced ahead there was no sound to proclaim the hunters' return. And they themselves trooped in silently, heads cast down. The faces of the women fell, but they said no word about the hunt.

One thing will divert pygmies from their hunting—finding a bees' nest with honey. Once I watched a hunter scramble up a tall tree and thrust his hand into a hole as hundreds of bees swarmed about him. He brought it out dripping with honeycomb, and crammed the whole mess into his mouth.

One after another, the other hunters climbed the tree and gorged themselves. But not once did a bee sting a man. I questioned many people about this strange immunity to bee stings, and never could I learn the reason.

The high point in pygmy life is the elephant hunt. Not every male pygmy is allowed to hunt elephants; this dangerous chore is reserved for the most alert, courageous and cool-headed. When an elephant hunter's reflexes slow down, he reluctantly confines his activities to antelope, pig and okapi.

Every village, nevertheless, has a full quota of elephant hunters, and there is hardly a pygmy family which has not lost someone to the biggest forest animal. I tried to learn how many elephants an experienced hunter might have killed in his career, but it was difficult to arrive at any clear answer because pygmies apparently have no numbers beyond ten.

Several times, in answer to my question, "How many?" I was told: "Without number." This might mean, to a pygmy, twelve or ninety or somewhere in between. From Bantu villagers and missionaries, I gathered that many hunters kill fifty to sixty elephants during their lives.

No pygmy goes on an elephant hunt casually, as he might for any other beast. The elephant demands preparation, the appeasement of evil spirits, moral support from the entire village, and a little something to bolster courage at the last minute.

Some pygmies consult a medicine man the day before a hunt to learn if the signs are propitious, although the medicine man is not as influential a person among pygmies as among most primitive tribes.

None of the pygmies I met on my second African trip bothered to consult a witch doctor. But they made other preparations. The day before the hunt they gathered kola nuts, large and pink, which their women boiled, pounded, and boiled again.

The hunter drinks a potion of kola water when he awakens on the day of the hunt. In his mind is the memory of the dance put on by the women of the village the evening before, a dance to inspire him to great deeds. A quick breakfast, and he is off with his companions, who may number from three to five.

When they have found their elephants, they study the terrain carefully, and select their victim—usually the one with the largest tusks, for his ivory will bring the greatest rewards. Then they retire about a hundred yards, build a small fire, and smoke marijuana to take away their fear.

If the elephant lifts its trunk and turns its head as if it heard or smelled something, the approaching pygmies freeze into immobility. Then, when all seems safe again, the pygmies close in.

At a silent signal the two leading pygmies reach out with their sharp spears and, with a sudden slash, sever the tendon in each of the elephant's hind legs. The other pygmies frighten the remaining elephants into a stampede, and the hunters complete their kill.

The animal cannot be touched until the Bantu who "owns" the chief pygmy hunter arrives to oversee the butchering and distribution. So while one of the pygmies races to the Bantu village to announce the news, another returns to the pygmy village. Within a day, a huge crowd has gathered to watch and participate in the division of the spoils. . . .

During my second trip, a group of pygmy hunters killed an elephant in a clearing close to the edge of the forest, where there was light enough for me to make a film. Never did I travel through the forest so quickly, for this was an opportunity that would not come twice.

When I arrived at the clearing the only factor that dismayed me was the big crowd that had gathered—between three and four hundred men and women, about equally divided between Bantu villagers and pygmies. They were all relatives—some rather distant, I gathered—of the pygmy hunters or the Bantu overlord of the chief hunter. Luckily, the butchering had not yet started, as everything had to wait for the arrival of the headman of the village in which the Bantu "owner" lived.

While waiting for him I was able to clear a little space for good camera shots. When the important personages arrived, everyone turned to the Bantu in charge. He glanced around to see that everyone who might claim a share of the elephant was present, then lifted his hand in signal to the four pygmies who had made the kill. They scrambled up on top of the big beast and stood on the bloated belly. At a second signal, the chief hunter plunged his spear into the elephant's side. A geyser of gas and stomach juices spurted seven or eight feet into the air. The pygmy hunters shouted and bathed in the liquid. This was supposed to give them some of the elephant's strength to aid them in their next kill.

Shoulder to shoulder, pygmies and villagers lined up along the crest of the fallen elephant and started hacking away at the meat. As one man cut away a big chunk of flesh he merely flung it back over his shoulder. He knew that his wife had her eyes fixed on him and was waiting to snatch whatever he threw.

Soon big chunks of elephant meat were flying through the air, women were rushing forward to grab the pieces, sometimes catching them even before they struck the ground.

Finally the meat was cut away from the exposed side and two pygmies took an axe and chopped a hole through the elephant's ribs into the chest cavity. They then hopped inside the beast, cut away more meat and flung it to the crowd.

I could not quite believe that an equitable distribution of meat could be made among so many demanding men and women, but by the end of the afternoon the job was done and no one seemed angry.

The Bantu chief of the area received one huge leg as his share. The headman of the village was given a select piece. The overlord of the chief hunter kept some entrail delicacies for himself, and the hunters received most generous

Continued on page 45

THE SILENT PARTNER

by ***WINSTON GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Sergeant Booker wanted to see me alone. So Stella walked tactfully away . . .

Now the police were searching for Lynn. But I dare not tell them that she was dead. . . . First I had to find her killer—to prove my innocence

KENT had got something under his paw. It was dark in the coal cellar and I went a step closer. I said sharply: "Come away, Kent; come away! What the hell are you doing?" The thing he had unearthed, under the anthracite, appeared to be a human hand and arm. . . .

I am Mike Granville, the head of a small electronics firm. My wife, Lynn, had disappeared a fortnight before. Later, I received a divorce petition charging misconduct with Stella Curtis, my laboratory assistant.

As it happened, Stella and I *had* fallen in love—though Lynn couldn't have known that. But Stella's husband, John Curtis, a great scientist, was dying from the effects of gamma-rays to which he had been exposed in his experiments. . . . I could not let scandal sour his last months. I had to find Lynn and persuade her to drop her petition.

I had not seen her since she left, but I was pretty sure she had returned to the house once, in the night. I got downstairs too late to catch her but I found one of her ear-rings on the floor.

Where was she staying? I tried all her acquaintances—her old boss, Simon Heppelwhite; a musician named Ray French—soon to be married himself, incidentally. . . . I tried her mother, her bank, her solicitors. I had no luck, but I did find that she had been renting a flat in London.

All this time I was busy on a rush job for Harwell: a scintillometer for aerial uranium prospecting. I had moved to an hotel to be nearer the factory and only returned to the house occasionally to pick up my mail. It was on one of these trips that I took our terrier, Kent, with me—and went into the cellar. . . .

As I went closer, to see what it was the dog had found, the anthracite moved like a black tide. A face was uncovered—a face I recognized. . . . I had found Lynn at last.

PART THREE

A Long Wait For An Answer

I WAS on the kitchen floor. I didn't know how long I'd been lying there. I remembered vaguely crawling on all fours nightmarish out of the dark pit. The floor of the kitchen was stone, and my head lay just off the matting; the cold stone must have gradually brought me round.

I got to the sink, turned on the cold tap and shoved my trembling hands under it, and splashed the water over my head and neck. After a bit the awful throbbing in my throat seemed to quieten, the blood to go out of my eyes. I straightened up and lurched sweatily out of the kitchen, across the hall, reached the drawing-room. The french windows were still open, and another flicker of lightning moved behind the trees.

I got as far as the desk where the drink was kept and took out brandy, couldn't see a glass, gulped three or four times at the bottle and flopped in a chair.

I lay there for a long time meeting the horror that kept getting at me. I was now just one step away from complete break up, but I couldn't get any farther.

It was a queer light in the room, not dark but not anything else, a false twilight because of the thunder clouds. There was still really a couple of hours of day left, but I couldn't shake free from the idea that the light was fading. I knew I couldn't be alone there in the dark.

Then I saw the telephone at my elbow. I lifted the receiver. They were a long time; just too long. The exchange girl said: "Number, please," but abruptly I hung up.

Because I had remembered Kent. . . .

I took another gulp of brandy, gathering my strength. Then I got up and lurched back into the hall. It was darker here and less far from the cellar.

"Kent!" I shouted. "Kent!"

I cursed him and swore. Then I turned to go. I must get help. I must get the police. That first impulse had been the right one.

Then suddenly he came up. I grabbed at his collar, flung him slithering into the kitchen, and slammed shut the door.

I went back to the phone, took another gulp of brandy, picked it up. And then again I put it back. *What would you think about this if you were a policeman? Go slow.*

One of the french windows started to swing, and I jumped in the chair as if I'd been shot. I thought someone was shutting me in. But only a stray breeze.

I knew I'd got to think, and think more clearly than ever before in my life. But not in this house. I couldn't stay in here—if I did, not one straight thought would come. I could still follow first impulses, ring for the police or for help of some sort. I knew it was best to do that. But I couldn't for the moment reason out the follow-on of making that move—or the consequences of not making it.

I went out of the french windows, down the steps into the garden. I got well away at the end of the lawn, flopped on a tree stump.

Lynn had been dead some time, and someone had killed her. People don't die, get themselves buried under anthracite. But who? I was her husband. We'd not been getting on. She'd decided to divorce me, had cited another woman; I'd been furious, resentful at the idea of a divorce, had wanted to stop it. She'd refused; we'd quarrelled violently.

That was the layout. I tapped the end of the cigarette and tried to keep it still. It wouldn't keep still. I held it up and looked at it. It wouldn't keep still!

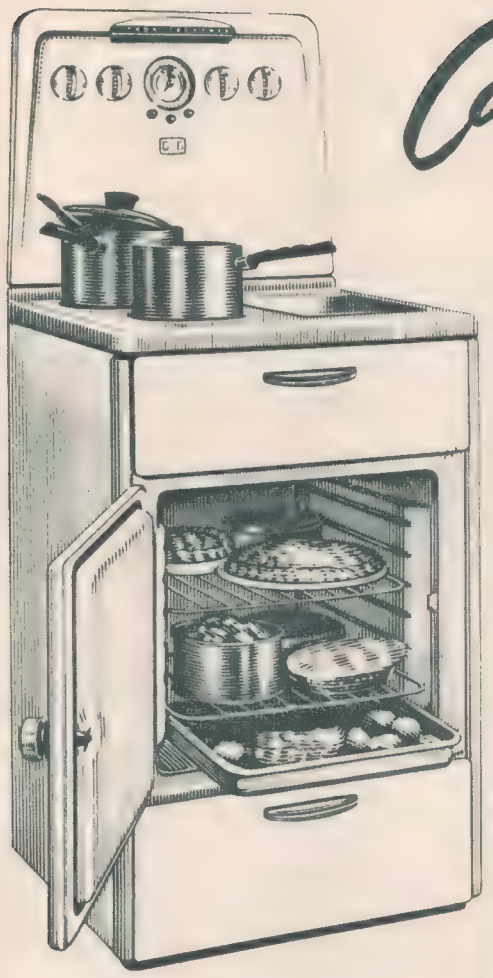
A CAR went past on the road that Lynn had used on the Friday night when she'd come back to fetch something. I'd run across this grass after her, then through the trees. She'd lost one ear-ring. Three weeks ago tomorrow. . . . Why had she come back that night and when had she come back for the last time?

Who had last seen her? On the Saturday or Sunday after leaving me she'd replied to the bank's letter. Much later, nearly a week later than that, Ray French's postcard. Miss Lord had had the rent of her flat only six days ago.

But she hadn't seen her. She said Lynn had come too late. For that matter, neither had Ray seen her, and the postcard had given wrong information.

I looked back at the house; it was dark and square-shouldered and baleful against the trees

As the policeman climbed out of the window, I slithered across the roof—my one way of escape



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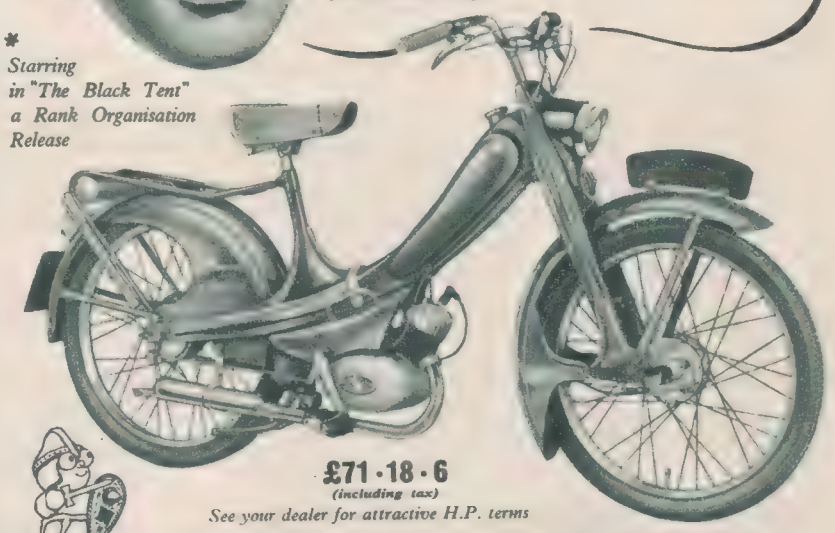

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and the sky. Out here was some kind of sanity and safety. But whatever I thought up, I had to go in once more—either to phone the police or to fetch Kent and lock the door. A spot of rain was cold on my hand.

Another cigarette. *Steady, think it over. Don't rush into a primary error.* It could be as big a bloomer not to call the police as to call them, probably much greater. I didn't know. I'd *got* to know. A flash of lightning lit the sky, and I waited for the thunder. This time it never came.

It wasn't really any use trying to reason clearly even out here. Every now and then I'd think things were beginning to settle; but all the time I was doing it with the lid off. Nothing solidified, took shape. Nothing could.

The rain came faster. Must go back to the house. At this moment I had one advantage over everyone else. I only—apart from the murderer—knew I hadn't killed my wife. If the police were called in they'd automatically make me chief suspect. Could I turn this advantage to any gain before I reported the body? I thought, *If I don't tell the police, can I go about the ordinary business of living, without people knowing what I've seen—even for a few hours?*

How did murderers manage to do it as if nothing was the matter? Did they have some inner skin to the mind which stopped them from remembering?

Reason it out. Lynn had been dead some time. Who then went to her flat in Grosvenor Court Mews late at night? Today was Thursday. Someone came on Thursdays late to pay the rent. Presumably they slipped the money in an envelope into Miss Lord's letter-box. Something of that sort, to avoid a meeting or a cheque. How could anyone risk going to the flat unless they knew Lynn was dead?

I went back to the house.

KENT was quiet now. Nothing stirred or moved. I went upstairs and into our bedroom. Although it wasn't really dark in here I put on the light. I went over to her dressing-table and began to search through the drawers.

Kent was barking now, and with a sudden lurch of fear I went out to the landing window and peered down the drive. There was no one about. I went back to the bedroom.

A few old bills, two theatre programmes, a list of Festival Hall concerts, underclothes, handkerchiefs, shoes, folding coat-hangers, needles and silk thread, an old handbag quite empty. Lynn had been a great spender, and there were about two dozen frocks hanging in the wardrobe. I should have realized she wouldn't have left so many of her things behind. I began to feel in the pockets of her day dresses, and immediately came on a note that was a shock.

It was on a piece of the firm's notepaper and simply said: "My dear Lynn, shall be delighted to see you Wednesday. Do ring me if you want to make it earlier—Frank." The other thing I found, in an inner pocket of her Burberry, was a Yale key. That might not have meant anything except for the label tied on which said "9a."

I took Kent back to Mrs. Lloyd's. I don't know if I still looked queer; anyway she always peered at you as if she thought you'd been up to something.

I drove shakily back to London. By the time I got there it was nearly half-past ten. I still felt sick. I went into a snack bar and drank two cups of black, strong coffee and swallowed a few mouthfuls of a plate of bacon and eggs. I couldn't remember when I'd last eaten, but the food stuck in my chest. I got up and went out, garaged the car, registered at the same hotel. Then I walked down Piccadilly.

When I got into Grosvenor Court Mews there was a chauffeur waiting by a car near one of the other flats, and two girls talking under a lamp who eyed me. There was also a light in 9.

When Margot heard my name her fingers stiffened. Just then Ray came back —with the card in his hand

I waited about twenty minutes and then began to feel conspicuous, so strolled off towards Curzon Street and walked along it as far as Park Lane. The sky was an odd colour; there were pink reflections from the ground upon the heavy undertow of the clouds, and a giant rift in them stretched half-way to the City.

I looked at my watch. It was ten to twelve. I turned back.

Just short of the mews I stopped to light a cigarette and heard Big Ben through, then I felt the key again and walked on.

The car had gone, the girls had gone. I got as far as the garage end where I had watched last night and looked across at the windows of 9. They were in darkness. Miss Lord had retired to rest. But now there was a light in the windows of No. 9a.

I dropped my cigarette and pressed it into the stones of the yard. I took the key out of my pocket and looked at it. I waited a minute, taking breaths.

Then I went in.

There was a small light burning at the first turn of the stairs, right opposite Miss Lord's door. I went past that, stopping once when a stair creaked. Then I came opposite the door of No. 9a. No light was to be seen under it.

I wiped the sweat off my hands and very, very slowly put the key against the jagged opening in the Yale lock. It slid in like a sword into its sheath. I turned my fingers and the

Continued on page 32

Mr. Tulip's battle for flowers

by JOHN HARMAN

Abroad, Walter Roozen champions bulbs worth £17 million—yet at home he cannot grow any himself

Roozen is a publicity director for eight thousand Dutch growers. At an exhibition in greenhouses near Haarlem he examines a new variety of tulip called "Aladdin"

THE royal command set a problem for a tough, bull-necked Dutchman named Walter Roozen. Queen Juliana of Holland asked him to send five thousand tulip bulbs to a hospital in Ottawa, Canada, where one of her daughters, Princess Margriet, was born in exile during the war. She added, though, that she wanted them to flower in her husband's colours, red and yellow.

Roozen, who is the publicity director of the Associated Bulb Growers of Holland, had to ensure that both colours would appear at exactly the same moment. "Forecasting flowering times has become a fine art," he says, "but the behaviour of two different lots of bulbs, planted in foreign soil, was unpredictable."

Feeling that his country's reputation for tulips was at stake, he retired in a fit of depression to his white-painted house on the edge of the dunes at Zandvoort, on the North Sea coast. It was not until three weeks later that he happened to glance at a picture of tulips and see the answer to his difficulty—the *Keizer Kroon*, a variety with a bold combination of red and yellow on each petal.

He sent to Canada five thousand *Keizer Kroons*, which burst into flower simultaneously. Furthermore, he has repeated the gift, on his Queen's behalf, every year for the last nine years.

Roozen's constant concern for Holland's national flower has earned him the nickname Mr. Tulip. Aged forty-eight, six feet four inches tall and alternating a typical Dutch stubbornness with an easy, convivial manner which has smoothed interviews with ambassadors, trade officials and shopkeepers, he wages a vigorous campaign to popularize tulips in most countries of the world.

"He has a flair for getting tulips into headlines," says Bill Lagerwerf, his assistant. Last year, Roozen helped to plan the "bombing" of The Hague with a million tulip heads to commemorate an R.A.F. food drop in 1945. Each spring he is one of the organizers of floral festivals, when huge, brilliantly coloured tableaux tour Holland's streets.

"One February," Roozen recalls, "I was in New York and saw a furniture advertisement which was obviously three months old. There was a vase of chrysanthemums on a table." He traced the agency which had taken the photograph. Then he arranged to send them by air every autumn, free of charge, specially forced tulips which would appear in their photographs the following spring.

Roozen travels about 25,000 miles a year. Tackling his job with a missionary's zeal—"he has a tulip in his heart," says Lagerwerf—he is aware that much depends on his efforts. Bulb growing is Holland's fifth largest industry. It provides employment for 25,000 people, including 1,500 salesmen, who, like Roozen, tour the world. About 19,300 acres annually produce 3,000 million bulbs which fetch £17 million in foreign markets.

Despite its size, however—Britain, by comparison, devotes 2,630 acres to growing bulbs—the industry is in a precarious position. "Bulbs are a luxury," says Roozen. "They are always among the first to suffer when money is scarce."

His method of getting them established in new markets is to launch intensive advertising programmes, together with displays of bulbs in bloom. Some of the reactions have been unexpected. Once he organized an exhibition of Dutch crocuses in Switzerland. The Swiss showed interest, but placed very few orders. "Later I realized why," he says. "They already had plenty of crocuses—growing wild on their mountains."

For a similar reason there is little demand for imported daffodil bulbs in France. He describes the German apathy towards irises, though, as simply a matter of national taste.

Keeping pace with changing fashions is one of his biggest worries, and he tries to do it by studying reports from florists and listening to gossip at flower shows. When Americans had a sudden fancy for pure-white flowers at the end of the war, he arranged to have a white tulip named after General Eisenhower, and sent large bunches to him by airmail. "Luckily, enough varieties of white flowers were in existence to satisfy the Americans," says Roozen.

It takes at least twenty years, plus luck and patience, to produce a new bulb on a commercial scale. The breeder pollinates one variety with another, choosing plants with colours, shapes and other characteristics which he hopes to combine, and allows the pollinated plant to go to seed.

OFTEN five years elapse before the seeds yield their first flowers. Even then, the chances of success are remote. A breeder in Haarlem, the famous bulb-growing centre, estimates that scarcely one seedling in five thousand is worth keeping. The odds against it turning into an attractive variety are a hundred to one.

Disease is stamped out ruthlessly by burning infected stocks. The virus which causes "broken" tulips with feathered edges has been located, and means found of destroying it, in the industry's laboratory at Lisse. There scientists have also perfected methods of refrigerating and baking bulbs to halt their growth for six months or longer. Bulbs treated in this way and exported from Holland in the autumn will flower during

Daffodils as well as tulips flourish in Holland. But growers only want the bulbs, so the tops are first stripped, then dumped

Disease in the fields is ruthlessly stamped out. Ground in which germs have destroyed bulbs of hyacinths is sterilized by steam

the southern hemisphere's spring a year later.

Government inspectors check the quality of all bulbs before export, and the names of new varieties have to be registered with the Dutch Bulb Growers' Association and the Royal Horticultural Society in London.

Roozen has discovered that names—over six thousand of them are registered for tulips—can decide the futures of new varieties. "The best name," he says, "is short, descriptive, understandable in every country and completely undiscriminating." Feelings were hurt in America by a grower's choice of *Nigger Boy* for a purple crocus.

A grower who named a tulip *Kleurenpracht* —meaning "beauty of colours" in Dutch—could not sell it outside Holland, so he tried to give it a more international appeal by calling it Princess Margaret Rose. "Unfortunately, the new name was also unsuitable," says Roozen. "Had the flower been of a fragile appearance with pastel colouring it might have caught on, but the petals were bright yellow, edged with red."

Roozen, who is the son of a bulb-grower, toured Europe to sell his father's products at the age of twenty-one. He quickly learned that maintaining good relations with clients had many facets. When a wealthy woman on the French Riviera complained to him, over a cup of tea, that cream was scarce that summer, he promptly sold her a cow.

Later, the head gardener at a large house in Cannes asked for ten thousand anemones, which were to be planted on a prominent slope. Roozen could supply only six thousand bulbs of the variety, which was a special shade of blue, and he ordered the remainder from another firm. Early the next year he paid a courtesy call to see how the bulbs were flowering, but the gardener threatened to kick him off the premises.

"The sub-contractor's bulbs had ruined the display by coming up pink," says Roozen. "That evening, in a nearby café, I met two youths and tipped them a hundred francs each to sneak into the garden at dawn and pick every pink anemone they could see." A few hours after this had been done he returned to the house. The gardener, deeply puzzled, nevertheless gave him a repeat order.

Roozen took his present job in 1941, when the Germans had occupied Holland and were reducing the area under bulbs to 4,500 acres. Bulbs, except daffodils and hyacinths, which are poisonous, had to be eaten during food shortages. They were either boiled like potatoes or dried and powdered to eke out flour.

Lagerwerf, who hid for three days under the floor of his school to avoid deportation to Germany, recalls: "The Germans tried to make us grow vegetables between rows of bulbs, but when we had done hoeing the vegetable seedlings never came up."

At the peak of the war in 1944, *Holland's Glory*, a vivid orange and scarlet tulip with a black base, cost £25 a bulb. Nowadays few Dutch bulbs, other than those required for breeding, cost more than £1 each. The cheapest are about 30s. a hundred.

Roozen's ambition for his retirement is to own a few acres and grow tulips, but his friends predict that his restless temperament will prevent him from settling down.

His home is too near to the sea to have a garden, so he contents himself with bulbs planted in bowls. Every September 21 he makes up ten bowls of hyacinths for Christmas flowering: five for his wife and five for his mother.

The year that he moved into his house he began his usual routine of planting the bowls outside to start the bulbs growing, but was in such a hurry to leave on a trip abroad that he only had time to do his mother's. The remainder he left in darkness in his cellar. He brought the bowls into the light on December 5, but although his mother had a fine show of hyacinths his wife's plants were withered and stunted.

Upset and baffled by his failure, he mentioned it to a passenger on the ferry between Harwich and the Hook of Holland. "She declared at once that I shouldn't have put bulbs in a new cellar because I ought to have known that specks of saltpetre would drop from the walls and burn the buds," he says. "And I thought that I was the expert." THE END

Posters advertising Dutch flowers go round the world. Roozen travels with them, covering 25,000 miles each year

THE BALLERINA AND THE PIGS

Ah, she was beautiful. But oh, she was a traitress. To the salt mines with her!

by VICTOR CANNING

WHEN the question of sending Assistant Commissar Pyotr Danilov to England to buy pigs was discussed there was a difference of opinion. "He is too young. The English farmers would cheat him," said the President.

"He is twenty-eight and with a youthful countenance, I admit," said the Minister of Agriculture. "But he knows pigs, and his father was a peasant. He will make no bad bargains."

"English farmers have a drink called cider which is drunk the whole time a bargain is being made," said the Minister of Propaganda and Culture. "It would confuse his judgment."

"You forget we have a drink called vodka," said the Minister of Agriculture dryly. "Young Pyotr can drink even Commissar Androv, my deputy, under the table."

"Well. . . ." The President hesitated. "In the last two years we have had five assistant commissars go West on such missions and they have never come back. It looks bad." He glanced across at the Head of the Secret Police. "What do you think?"

The Head of the Secret Police, who had been leafing through a decadent democratic magazine full of photographs of bathing beauties—lent him by the Minister of Propaganda and Culture—said finally: "Pyotr is a firm believer in our way of life and would never desert it. Moreover, he has a good head for drink and bargains. Let him go. Also, there is a delicate little matter which needs attention in England. He will make no trouble about it. Send him."

So Pyotr Danilov was sent to England. He spent a month in Somerset making purchases for his government. At the end of that month quite a few farmers respected his capacity for cider and his eye for a pig. And quite a few farmers' daughters tried to make him stay in England, for with his fair hair and blue eyes, a charming smile, and a well-built muscular body, Pyotr was a man to attract a girl's attention. They were wasting their time.

One farmer who, rashly egged on by his daughter, offered Pyotr a partnership if he wished to stay, regretted it. Pyotr sat up all night with him, drank him out of cider, and when the dawn came was still demonstrating how good life was behind the Iron Curtain.

"Oi tell 'e," said the farmer afterwards, "Oi damned nearly went back with 'e. That there convincin' 'e was. Charm a bird off a tree, 'e could."

Two days before Pyotr was due to fly back with his consignment of pigs, a man joined him at the bar of the Castle Hotel in Taunton. He

Beautifully packed, Nadia fell from the crate like a Christmas present, untouched, unblemished, fresh and lovely, and sleeping peacefully

was a short, dark-looking man with a permanent twitch to his upper lip and an astonishing capacity for whisky acquired after two years' service in the London Embassy of Pyotr's country. Pyotr knew him well for he was the commercial attaché who had arranged all his contacts and finances on this trip.

The man called for a whisky and when it came lifted the glass and said: "Bung ho!"

Pyotr frowned. He disapproved of the acquisition of foreign habits. "Is everything arranged for the flight back?" he asked.

"No hitch. One of our own planes comes in tomorrow and you go off the next day. Pigs for the People's Democracy. I've never flown with pigs. What do you do to keep 'em happy? Sing to them?"

"If they show any signs of restlessness," said Pyotr stiffly, "I inject sedatives."

"Needn't do it with this lot. Just unpack Nadia Mariac and get her to dance for them."

"I do not understand," said Pyotr, and he stroked the beginnings of a fair moustache which he was growing to give his face more sternness.

Nadia Mariac had been a member of the State Ballet, but a year before she had defected from the company while on a European tour and had taken asylum in London.

"She'll be with you. In a packing case marked 'Antibiotics.' Drugged, of course. Our police boys picked her up four days ago at Brighton. Did you get to Brighton? Typical Western decadence. . . . I go there most weekends."

"You mean," said Pyotr offended, "that I am to take her back? And you tell me this in a public drinking place?"

"Where'd you want me to tell you? In church? All business is done in bars over here. You must know that."

"But this is a secret service matter. I'm here for pigs."

"Don't worry. The airport people will give no trouble. Just tip her out of the case when you're airborne and then hand her over when you touch down. It ought to be a hell of a trip. Snow storms all over Europe is the forcast."

He gazed into the distance over his glass. "Nadia Mariac. . . . What a lucky man you are! Now, I wouldn't mind going home if I had her company on the way."

"That is no way to talk, comrade," said Pyotr crossly.

"I wasn't talking. I was ruminating. She's a wonderful creature; like a naiad, like the dream of all the world. She's going to find it hard work in the salt mines. Still, I suppose she must be shown the error of her ways."

"She must. And many others, too," said Pyotr curtly. But as he left the bar he was thinking that they ought not to have done it. Each department, in a well-run state, should look after its own affairs. Pigs and ballet dancers didn't mix. . . .

There were fifty pedigree pigs, mostly young sows and boars, and one enormous sow due to farrow in a few days. For this last Pyotr had developed an extraordinary affection and respect. He had bought her from a best-selling author who ran a pig farm for tax evasion purposes, and she was a champion. From her loins, thought Pyotr, would spring a race of pigs that would enrich the impoverished strain of his own country.

Lady Chatterley was her pedigree name. "Give her love," the author-owner had said, "she thrives on it. It breaks my heart to part with her, but for good red gold I would sell my mother."

"She shall have every attention," said Pyotr, who had fallen in love with her on the spot. She was the size of a walrus, but not so good-looking, and with an endearing habit of charging her pen wall down and going berserk if not fed on time.

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

During the first fifteen minutes of being airborne Pyotr had his hands full of the pigs, and particularly of Lady Chatterley. They all showed signs of being annoyed at this unusual procedure.

Pyotr walked up and down between the crates and stalls that had been fitted into the fuselage, and he talked to his charges in a calming, comforting voice. Gradually the restlessness disappeared from them.

Carl and Ugo, the two pilots who had come over with the plane, glanced back and watched this performance with amusement. Between them was a large earthenware jar of cider, a parting present from the embassy's commercial attaché and, unknown to them, laced with whisky. Lacing cider with whisky is like putting a match to gunpowder, only rather slower in effect.

"Sing to them," called Carl.

"Let Nadia out," added Ugo. "She will dance for them."

"Your duty is to pilot and navigate this machine," said Pyotr coming up the catwalk to them. "Attend to it! The woman will not be released until we are well over the sea. We might yet have to make an emergency landing."

"He thinks of everything," said Ugo.

"I remember Nadia in *Swan Lake*," said Carl. "Like thistledown. I have had her picture over my bed ever since."

"With twenty others," said Ugo. He reached for the cider jug, but Carl beat him to it.

Pyotr went back to Lady Chatterley. She lay on her side and sneered at him. He gave her an apple and she ate it, blowing long sighs through her nose.

Above her, through the fuselage window, he could see the piled winter clouds; and far below, the grey edge of the sea tilting over the shrinking lip of the land.

Half an hour later he went to the tail of the plane where a large wooden case was stored. It was stamped all over: EXPORT ONLY, ANTIBIOTICS. KEEP AWAY FROM DAMP.

Ugo came up behind him and handed him a hammer and a chisel. "We're well over the sea."

Pyotr began to work on the case. He got the top off and between them they tipped the crate on to its side. Beautifully packed, Nadia Mariac came out like a Christmas present, untouched, unblemished, fresh and lovely, and sleeping peacefully.

"It'll be half an hour before she comes round," said Ugo.

"And in a filthy mood," called Carl.

Pyotr scarcely heard them. He was looking down at the figure of Nadia Mariac. Ugo had slipped a couple of rugs under her and she lay

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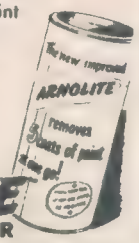

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Dry cleaning for teeth!

ANGELA CLEARY discovers

America's way to whiten teeth

AMERICA's gone dry again—in the cause of whiter teeth! That's the startling news that sent me scurrying from friend to friend on a little private research into the intimacies of teeth-cleaning in Britain. The result? Only 20% used a *dry* brush!

Well, I've just tried out the revolutionary discovery that's rapidly changing the teeth-cleaning habits of a nation.

Called *decyl-carminate*, it's the vital teeth-whitening agent of a toothpaste that *must* be used on a DRY brush. Applied this way, it made my teeth *shades* whiter in days!

The name of the toothpaste is "Less" Toothpaste. Ruby-red in colour, "Less" is the only toothpaste in Britain which contains this wonder ingredient. You can almost guess why it's called "Less". This amazing preparation costs no more to buy yet it goes *twice as far*. The makers actually recommend you to use half as much. In practice I found that a blob the size of a pearl was all I needed—for teeth snowy-white and free from stains.

AND what a fresh, clean taste "Less" Toothpaste leaves in the mouth! An independent chemist's analysis, undertaken at my request, reveals a paste of the highest quality that is ammoniated to fight decay. Since dentists, too, approve it's fairly safe for me to forecast that soon almost everyone will be using "Less". Already there's a noticeable swing to red toothpaste of one kind or another; the coming months should prove conclusively the preference for "Less"—the only toothpaste with *decyl-carminate*.

Remember, when you try it, that you must use "Less" toothpaste on a DRY brush. I do hope you'll try it soon. A tube costs 1/9½d. and you can get "Less" at all chemists and stores.

ANGELA CLEARY

with one cheek resting on her hand. She was beautiful, with the longest lashes and the shapeliest legs Pyotr had ever seen.

What a pity that so beautiful and talented a creature should have been politically so misguided! She had done his country a lot of harm when she had deserted the State Ballet. It was good, Pyotr thought, that now the Minister of Propaganda and Culture would be able to announce that she had returned of her own free will, disgusted with the Western World.

He reached down and pulled her rumpled skirt lower over one of the loveliest knees he had ever seen. . . .

An hour after take-off they were running into very bad weather.

"If it gets any worse," said Carl to Pyotr, "maybe we should land at Vienna."

"We go straight through," said Pyotr. "The sooner I get the pigs back the better."

"And Nadia?" asked Ugo.

"The pigs are my chief concern," said Pyotr stiffly. "We need them to improve our blood strain. Basically, we are an agricultural country. Our industry is growing—but to give it strength it must be supported by agriculture.

"In these pigs lie the health and vitality we need for the future. Why the police should go to all this trouble to get back this misguided ballet dancer, I can't think. She has been corrupted by the West. Like all artists, she is unstable and a liability, incapable of appreciating the glorious future which awaits us if we all dedicate ourselves to the simple, human truths of pure socialism."

"Oh, shut up!" said a voice.

THE three men looked round. Nadia Mariac had come up behind them. Tall, dark and slim, she was frowning at them.

Ugo smiled. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I have long been an admirer of yours. I trust you slept well, and I assure you that, for my part, you could have stayed for ever free—I mean, in the West."

"Me, too," said Carl.

"I strongly disapprove of such talk!" snapped Pyotr, and he stroked his incipient moustache and looked stern.

"I'm sure you do," said Nadia. "I've met your kind before. You've swallowed the bait, the hook and a good length of line. That pig speech of yours was just too pompous, and you've no idea how silly you look when you try to be stern." She nodded at the jug which Carl was raising. "What's that?"

"Cider, mademoiselle."

Nadia took the jug and drank deeply.

"It is advisable to be careful with that," said Pyotr. "It is very strong."

"It's what I needed. A drink and a cigarette."

"Allow me." Ugo was on his feet with his case out.

"Certainly not," said Pyotr. "The smoke will upset my pigs. I cannot think why people find it necessary to drug themselves with tobacco."

"The People's Democracy finds drugs very useful at times," said Nadia.

"You will oblige me, mademoiselle," said Pyotr, "by keeping to the rear part of this machine and not talking with the pilots."

She looked at him for a moment, then turned and went back to her crate.

An hour later and the weather was worse. They were flying in cloud, fighting a headwind and swift showers of sleet and snow.

Carl said: "We ought to come down at Vienna to refuel."

Pyotr said: "You have plenty of petrol."

Ugo said: "But bucking this headwind will use it up. We ought to refuel. Besides, Vienna is a beautiful city."

"Very beautiful," said Nadia from her seat on the packing case. "I have danced there twice. We could take the Commissar Danilov to some night clubs."

"Assistant Commissar! And we do not come down at Vienna," said Pyotr. "That is an order. Do not imagine that I am unaware of your hopes. It would be easy for you to escape there."

"Would it matter?" asked Nadia. "Why don't we all escape? I have very good friends in Europe who would give Carl and Ugo jobs, and you, Assistant Commissar Danilov . . . well, we could set you up in a pig farm."

"A good idea," said Carl, swaying in his seat gently.

"Excellent," said Ugo, putting out a hand to steady him.

"This conversation shall be reported to the appropriate authorities," snapped Pyotr. "Meanwhile, we go on." To emphasize his words he pulled a revolver from his pocket.

"He's incorruptible," said Carl.

"Adamant," said Ugo.

"Pig-headed," said Nadia. . . .

Much later, they were really in trouble. The weather was still bad. Darkness was not far off and, according to Ugo, they were only a short distance from the mountainous frontier of their own country. The petrol was very low. In addition the port engine was giving trouble.

Carl said: "I shall have to look for a place to land."

"Keep on," said Pyotr. "This is a trick."

"Not this time," said Ugo, nodding at the fuel gauge. "Those headwinds have taken it out of us. And listen to that engine."

"Good! Maybe we shall crash," said Nadia. "It is better to die than to go to the salt mines."

"We shan't crash," said Carl hazily. "I am a good pilot and full of good spirits. But I suggest that you all go up into the tail, just in case."

"Keep on," said Pyotr stoutly, waving his revolver.

"Don't be an ass," said Nadia. "If you shoot him we shall crash anyway. Also, when we come down it will be in our own country, so you have nothing to fear."

Suddenly her arms were around his neck and her soft, warm lips on his. "You will change your mind?" she asked him

"It is my pigs I think of. A crash might bring on a premature delivery for Lady Chatterley."

"It is a risk that pig mothers must face if they start flying," said Ugo, and he stood up and led Pyotr towards the tail. "Carl, you had better S O S our position," he said.

They did crash. Not badly, but enough.

Carl brought the machine down through the clouds into a landscape of snow-covered peaks, grey and indigo with the first night shadows. He picked a long valley running down from a high main ridge. He had only enough petrol left for about five minutes' flying, and the faltering port engine made things worse.

But the greatest handicap was the cider laced with whisky which he had taken. There was a long open stretch of snow running down between a fringe of dark pine woods. But the trees seemed to dance all over the place.

Back in the tail Ugo cried, "Hold tight!" and he put his arm tightly round Nadia's waist to steady her. Pyotr clutched the side of Lady Chatterley's stall and talked soothingly to her.

They hit the ground, softly at first, bouncing on the smooth snow—and then there was a great splintering crash. Pyotr was jerked forward and his head hit the corner of the packing case. Darkness closed on him like an iron curtain. . . .

When Pyotr came to, he was lying in a large four-poster bed. Sunlight came streaming through a low window which gave him a glimpse of wooden houses and the snowy slopes of a hill dotted with dark pine trees.

Standing at his bedside was a man of about sixty, bluff and brown-faced, and with a thatch of long white hair. He extended an arm and patted Pyotr on the cheek. He wore a leather waistcoat, blue trousers and a yellow shirt, and he had the appearance of an amiable brigand—which in many ways was exactly what Jan Demaru was.

"Welcome, Assistant Commissar Danilov," he boomed. "The whole village welcomes you. We pray to the Holy Mary and her angels and out of the sky she sends help. . . . Wonderful!"

"What," said Pyotr a little weakly and realizing that his head was bandaged and aching, "happened?"

Nadia Mariac moved into view. She was dressed in a red skirt, her hair tied back with a ribbon and her arms bare from a loose blouse.

"We crashed. That was yesterday. But Carl managed to send an S O S giving our position first. This is Jan—he keeps this inn."

"And Lady Chatterley?"

"Doing fine!" roared Jan. "A litter of eight, all of them sturdy."

PYOTR began to struggle up. He must go to her at once. But Jan pressed him back. "Don't worry. Tomorrow you can get up, but you're still weak. When you've had some food and wine you'll be better. Until then——"

"But the other pigs," said Pyotr.

"They are being looked after," said Nadia; and she glanced at Jan a little awkwardly.

It was at this moment that Pyotr became aware of a most fragrant odour seeping into the room through the open doorway. Suddenly, as though he had received an electric shock, he jerked upright in bed.

"I can smell roast pork!"

"Of course," Jan soothed him. "Didn't I say you were our saviour? For two months we have been snowed up. This summer our crops failed and our cattle died of a disease. The whole village was starving. The authorities have done nothing about sending us relief. So, we thought——"

"You mean, you've killed one of my pigs!" shouted Pyotr.

"Two," said Nadia. "There are thirty people in the village. One would not be enough."

Pyotr leaped out of bed and then jumped back

Continued on page 30

The boy's temperature was mounting, death seemed inevitable. Then the surgeon took a gamble and packed him in ice

Rodney was frozen to life

by DON EVERITT

At No. 78 Cambridge Road, Bootle, Mrs. Nellie Henderson had just cleared the tea table when the door bell rang unexpectedly. As she opened the front door, a breathless little boy shouted into the house: "Rodney's been knocked down by a motor-bike."

She stared at him. "Where is he?"

"On the Southport Road."

Her husband, Alexander, ran past her, out into the street. Then she was kneeling on a grass verge and the boy's face was bruised and bleeding and someone from the crowd had wrapped a coat round him. But they would not let her touch him. His eyes were closed. A voice said he was still alive. The ambulance came.

They went first to Bootle Hospital, then, because the six-year-old boy had a head injury, to the regional neuro-surgical unit at Liverpool's Walton Hospital. The duty surgeon found in a wound in the back of the boy's head a fragmented fracture of the skull.

His pulse vibrated rapidly, like a string under the skin. At the slightest stimulation, he became rigid. The surgeon started a blood transfusion, had Rodney taken to the anaesthetics room, and went to tell the parents that he would have to operate.

In the theatre, with the patient face down, he cleaned the head wound and, with a pair of nibblers, removed the skull fragments. One small sharp piece of bone had punctured the outermost of the three membranes covering the brain. The brain itself showed a small area of bruising.

The surgeon stitched the punctured membrane and closed the wound. X-rays of the skull and upper spine showed no other damage to the bones. The surgeon told the Hendersons that the operation had proceeded satisfactorily. They said that they would stay in the hospital for a while.

Rodney arrived in N ward from the theatre with a high pulse and breathing rate. The sister put three blankets on him and a special nurse sat at his side. At one thirty the next morning —September 4, 1954—the surgeon found the boy lying rigid, with his head bent back and his spine arched. He had a temperature of 105 degrees, a breathing rate further increased, and an almost uncountable pulse. His chances looked slender.

The symptoms showed that the head injury involved the hypothalamus and the brain stem, which, among other functions, control the breathing, the heart and the body heat. The increase in Rodney Henderson's temperature arose not through a bodily attempt to fight an infection, but through damage to the brain's heat-regulating centre. The body continued to make heat but could no longer eliminate it. As a result, the heart and the lungs had to pump faster and faster. The boy lay in grave danger of dying from heart irregularities.

The surgeon had him stripped, then injected drugs to facilitate a fall in temperature, and started to sponge him from head to foot, first with tepid, then with very cold water. Inside an hour, his temperature, pulse and breathing became almost normal, and his body relaxed. The surgeon told the parents that their son seemed peaceful now. They went home.

For three days, sponging with cold water controlled the unconscious boy's temperature. His parents visited him daily. On the morning of the fourth day he fell more deeply unconscious and, despite injections of drugs and frequent sponging, his temperature rose and the rigidity returned. That evening, the surgeon had the Hendersons called urgently to the hospital. They sat briefly at the bedside.

The injured brain had obviously not improved. If the injury had destroyed brain cells, the body could not replace them. The boy would die, or suffer a permanent disability if he recovered.

If the injury had partly damaged cells, they could survive with adequate oxygen. But the damage to the surrounding minute blood vessels would have reduced the flow of blood and, therefore, the oxygen supply. The boy's death seemed inevitable.

As a last resort, the surgeon decided to try a new or, to use a conservative medical word, "unreported" treatment. He would pack Rodney Henderson in ice.

When the body temperature falls persistently below normal, the condition is known as hypothermia. Induced hypothermia, which the surgeon now planned to use, is not new to medicine but has, since 1953, revealed several revolutionary and valuable uses.

At the time of Rodney Henderson's accident no one had used it as a treatment in itself for brain injury; but, as an aid to heart, brain and other poor-risk operations, it had already saved many patients who would otherwise have died. It had enabled surgeons to treat previously inoperable conditions. Though it is not now regarded as the panacea that some authorities at first claimed, it is certainly an outstanding medical development of this decade.

In 1950, surgeons in Toronto showed that under hypothermia the body needed much less oxygen and that on rewarming it returned to normal without ill effects. A fall in the pulse and breathing rates accompanies a reduced oxygen intake, and usually the blood pressure drops.

This Canadian discovery promised to broaden enormously the scope of major surgery. Previously, operations inside the brain and heart had involved a dangerously high blood loss, and surgeons had worked largely with what they termed finger vision, or sense of touch. If, to get a clearer view, they stopped the blood flow in the heart for longer than three minutes, the brain suffered irreparable damage from oxygen starvation. The Canadian surgeons had

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

"Deep-freezing" healed Rodney Henderson

now stopped experimentally the circulation of hypothermic dogs for fifteen minutes without harm.

One drawback restricted the use of hypothermia in adult humans: they shivered too easily. Since children can withstand cold much better than adults, hypothermia had its first important application in children needing operations for congenital heart defects.

Meanwhile, anaesthetists in Paris devised a so-called lytic cocktail, which, among other effects, promoted a fall in body temperature and prevented shivering. The concoction contained about half a dozen drugs. The Liverpool anaesthetists took up hypothermia after one of them had seen it used in Paris. They found that two of the ingredients of the cocktail, pethidine and especially chlorpromazine, depressed the shivering reflex as effectively as the whole mixture.

In Edinburgh and in Holland, two doctors working independently on hypothermia overcame the shivering problem by cooling not the surface of the body but the blood itself. Inserting tubes in two major blood vessels, they shunted the blood through a mechanical refrigerated coil.

The methods of inducing hypothermia vary

after a street accident. But he had to learn to walk again. Now his parents see him run

considerably. Some anaesthetists use only the lytic cocktail or modifications of it; others, as at Liverpool, combine a few or all of its ingredients with surface cooling. The means of surface cooling, apart from applying ice bags, include immersing the naked patient in a bathtub of ice, dousing his exposed heart with iced water, and wrapping him in a blanket which is filled with ice.

WITH chlorpromazine and ice-bag cooling, the thermometer reading in the average patient falls to the required temperature of about ninety degrees in ninety minutes. At that point, the anaesthetist removes the bags and the temperature usually continues to drop during the operation by another three or four degrees.

Obese and muscular patients take longer than average to cool and generally have a more marked "after-drop" in temperature; thin patients cool more quickly and have little or no "after-drop." Children both cool quickly and have a marked "after-drop."

The anaesthetist has to allow for these variations. Though patients have dropped as much as twenty degrees below normal without harm, most anaesthetists regard eighty-six degrees as a safe limit. That temperature cuts the pulse and breathing rates to a fifth of the normal and the oxygen consumption to a half.

The Liverpool neuro-surgeons, operating at Walton hospital on hypothermic patients aged from twenty-one months to seventy-five years, have clipped the vital middle cerebral artery and worked in a bloodless field for periods up to twenty minutes without ill effect. In heart operations, hypothermia has enabled surgeons in other hospitals to clamp the main blood vessels leading to and from the heart for as long as twelve minutes, again without harm.

Deep-freezing, as the surgeons and anaesthetists nickname the procedure, shows promise of further uses. It appears to minimize surgical shock; it stops harmful bacterial and enzyme activity; its anaesthetic effect reduces the need for drugs. Several surgeons have visualized its use in the treatment of coronary thrombosis, obstetric emergencies and severe haemorrhage.

It was this constant questing for new applications which led the neuro-surgeon at Walton hospital to use hypothermia in the case of Rodney Henderson. In a previous patient with a similar critical injury, the surgeon had used the treatment with short-lived success. He had hoped that by lowering the oxygen demands of the brain he would allow the cells in the damaged area to survive while the injured blood vessels recovered. The hypothermia had kept the patient alive for five days, but the brain damage ultimately proved too extensive.

Armed with this hopeful experience, the surgeon proceeded to induce a state of hypothermia in the unconscious boy. It was 9 p.m., Tuesday, September 7. First, he gave Rodney an injection of chlorpromazine, then nurses laid him naked on a pillow-case filled with crushed ice and covered him with rubber bags packed with ice. He did not cool easily. As they laid the ice bags about him, he started to shiver. It took two further chlorpromazine injections to stop the reflex.

Eventually, they got his temperature down to ninety-five degrees and much of his paralysis disappeared. He lay packed in the ice for twelve hours. In the early morning, he responded for the first time to being pricked with a needle by crying out faintly. At 10 a.m. the surgeon had the ice bags removed but left the boy exposed with a tray of ice suspended immediately above him.

Day after day, Rodney lay unconscious. Once, he opened his eyes briefly and blinked in response to a light. Three times his temperature rose to 104 degrees, bringing simultaneously spasms of rigidity. On each occasion, drugs, followed by cold water sponging, stopped the symptoms. The excessive overheating did not occur again. The ice treatment seemed to have worked. The surgeon now wondered how much the injury had permanently damaged the brain.

THIRTEEN days after the accident, on September 16, the boy's brain showed the first physical sign of recovery. When a nurse put a feeding bottle in his mouth, he chewed the teat. This surprised the surgeon. He knew that if all went well the brain would return to normal by repeating, in quick succession, all the stages of development it had passed through since birth. He had therefore expected the sucking reflex, not the chewing, to appear first.

Rodney became conscious gradually. At first, he recognized no one. Like a baby, he began to cry periodically. He kept his eyes open most of the time, following activities in the ward with a wondering gaze.

On September 18, he took his first sips of water. The next day, he recognized his mother and tried clumsily to put his arms around her neck. Exactly twenty-five days after the accident, he spoke again. A nurse offered him a grape, and, in a slurred, high-pitched, babyish voice, he said, "Yes, please." He managed to suck the flesh out of the grape, a development which brought to his bedside within twenty-four hours a mound of grapes from his parents and their relatives, friends and neighbours.

Rodney's speech progressed quickly. Four days later he could talk freely. He had to be taught to walk again, and on October 4, he went to the hospital gymnasium for his first lesson. It was a performance which, the physiotherapist said later, the boy enjoyed immensely.

For a time, his body lacked co-ordination. His head hung forward and he lifted his legs jerkily and either thumped his feet on the floor or completed his steps in mid-air. Again he had the appearance of a baby learning to walk for the first time. Forty-eight days after the accident he could walk without assistance. The hospital discharged him the next day, October 20.

His case had revealed a new therapeutic use for hypothermia. The Liverpool neuro-surgeons have since used it in more than thirty similar cases of brain injury.

Back at home, Rodney could not run for a time and he had slight signs of mild paralysis in his legs. Soon, he began taking lessons again and he memorized them satisfactorily.

The last entry in his hospital report reads: "8.8.1955. Top of the class at school. He can now run." THE END

The ballerina and the pigs

Continued from page 27

again. The nightshirt he had been given was absurdly short. He began to shout and storm. The pigs were for breeding purposes. They were not to be eaten. He forbade it. . . .

It was the beginning of a long argument that carried through intermittently to the next day, when he was well enough to get up and go down to the main room of the inn. There, confronted by Jan and the village elders, and Carl, Ugo and Nadia, he had to face facts. There was no food in the village. The people had to eat.

"Which is better, to save the lives of thirty people, or to suffer a little loss to your breeding stock?" asked Jan.

"But the authorities should have sent you food," said Pyotr.

"We are snowed in. It is difficult. Personally, I think they wish us to leave the village and this is their way of doing it."

"Why should they wish you to leave?"

"Because. . . . Well, we are near the frontier and occasionally we do a little smuggling. You must yourself have enjoyed a contraband cigar——"

"I don't smoke."

"Then a glass of whisky, or given your girl friend a pair of American nylons——"

"I have no girl friend. And no more pigs are to be killed. The authorities have heard our S O S. They will soon dig their way into the valley and bring help."

"Let us hope so," said Jan.

"The pigs are valuable," declared Pyotr. "Help will come, without doubt."

"Maybe," said Nadia. "It is a pity the authorities have not come before this—with food for the villagers. But then they are not pigs."

Pyotr glowered at her. But underneath he was a little disturbed. The authorities should have done something.

He went out to see the pigs and Lady Chatterley. They were all housed in a barn at the back of the inn. Lady Chatterley lay on her side looking very pleased with herself. It was a fine litter.

As he stood there Nadia came up behind him. "They look sweet," she said, leaning over and picking up one of the litter.

"Please," said Pyotr. He took the piglet from her and restored it. "They can easily be injured by improper handling at this stage."

"You are very fond of animals?" asked Nadia.

"It is my work."

"You take it very seriously."

"Life is a very serious business. We have the future to think about."

She was looking at him curiously. "You don't smoke. You don't have a girl friend. You have only the future. You are very good-looking and strong. I think you are kind, too. Will you really let them take me away with the pigs and put me in a salt mine?"

"It is nothing to do with me."

"You know what will happen to me in a salt mine?"

"Please. . . ."

"You do not like to think of it." She came closer to him. "You find me beautiful?"

"Yes."

"You do not want to kiss me, like Carl and Ugo? Perhaps then you would change your mind about handing me over. You could say I escaped when the plane crashed."

Pyotr frowned. "You are wasting your time."

Nadia smiled. "How can you tell until you have had the kiss?"

Suddenly her arms were around his neck and her soft, warm lips on his. After a while Nadia stepped back. "You will change your mind?"

"No," said Pyotr. But he couldn't get any sternness into his face, and his voice was weaker.

Behind them Lady Chatterley suddenly rose and charged her pen bad-temperedly. It was time for her feed.

Two weeks went by and no rescue party came. Pyotr began to feel desperate. As he couldn't stand by and see people starve, ten of his pigs had been eaten. And almost as bad as the pig situation was the Nadia situation. Jan and his villagers were quite prepared to smuggle her over the frontier. But not if Pyotr was going to inform against them.

Nadia herself was still trying to make Pyotr change his mind. Three or four times a day he would turn a corner and find himself in her arms or, as he bent over Lady Chatterley's pen, suddenly feel Nadia's soft lips on the back of his neck.

It was wearing him down. In bed he dreamed about her. Lying awake in the dark he could hear her voice. *"You're too nice to give me up. . . . I like you, I really do. . . . Underneath that Party manner you're human. . . . Why don't you escape with me? . . ."*

It was a constant barrage. And when she was in his arms, or her lips were on his, it was hard for him to remain resolved in his principles. . . .

Late in the afternoon of the fifteenth day rescue came. A lorry fitted with caterpillar tracks was seen coming up the valley. The whole village assembled outside the inn to welcome it.

Five minutes later Pyotr was closetted with Commissar Androv — his superior at the Ministry of Agriculture —in Jan's little sitting room.

Commissar Androv was a big-jowled, dark shaven man with eyes like Lady Chatterley. He was in a bad temper, too.

"But why have you been so long?" asked Pyotr.

"Because the S O S position was given wrongly. Your pilot is a fool. We've been looking in the wrong valley. And then it took four days to cut through into this one. What about the pigs?"

"They're safe, but——"

Pyotr told him of the villagers' plight. And he finished, "But now you've come with food, they will be all right."

Commissar Androv rose and his face was working with anger. "You're a fool, Danilov! I've brought no food for them. They're a thorn in our side with their independent ways. And if you've let them have the pigs to eat you've not only countenanced the destruction of valuable government property—but you've also interfered with the policy of population redistribution."

"But you can't let people starve."

"In a planned economy, and if policy dictates it, you can," shouted Androv.

Pyotr's lips tightened and his face now had a sternness which no one could ignore. "People are more important than pigs."

"That's treason! You've bungled your mission. Assistant Commissar Danilov, you are under arrest. And personally I think you'll either be shot or sent to forced labour. And now, where is the girl Nadia Mariac?"

Pyotr stood up. Almost before he knew he was saying it, he heard himself shout: "Arrest me if you like—I've done no wrong. But you can't have her. She escaped back over the frontier following the crash."

"Further bungling! You'll be shot all right. . . ."

"Go to hell!" snapped Pyotr, and his eyes were blazing.

Pyotr was left in the room. Commissar Androv went out to superintend the loading of the pigs on to the lorry. He was hardly out of the room before Jan entered.

"I was listening," he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Face a trial and rely on the justice of the People's Democracy."

Jan rolled his eyes. "You like to learn the hard way. You'll be shot. Nadia's hiding in the woods. As soon as it's dark she's going over the frontier with Ugo and Carl. You could join them."

"Never! This is my country."

An armed guard came into the room. "Out!" he said to Jan. "This man is under arrest."

From the window, which overlooked the village square, Pyotr watched the lorry being loaded with pigs. The sun was dropping behind the mountains and the pines were throwing long shadows across the snow. Three soldiers, Jan and some villagers—under Commissar Androv's direction—were helping with the loading.

They couldn't shoot him, Pyotr told himself as he watched. He'd done no wrong. . . . But could he be sure? The government would have let the villagers starve. Policy. . . . Maybe it would be policy to shoot him.

He saw Lady Chatterley's litter being carried to the lorry, and then came Lady Chatterley, swaying along. They took some time getting her up the ramp into the lorry, but eventually it was done. The guard, watching with Pyotr, said: "All right. Let's go."

Pyotr was marched out of the inn, the guard behind him with his rifle at the ready.

Commissar Androv came up to him. "You get up in the cab with me and the lorry driver," Commissar Androv ordered.

As Pyotr moved to the front of the lorry his eye caught Jan's. Jan was standing at the side of the lorry fastening a rope. Maybe it was something in Pyotr's face, or maybe it was just because Jan was so much older and wiser than Pyotr. Anyway, as Pyotr passed, Jan reached inside the lorry and jabbed a long needle into Lady Chatterley's fat flank.

The effect was tremendous.

There was a great, grunting roar of pain from Lady Chatterley. She charged the side of the flimsy stall that had been rigged up at the end of the lorry and crashed through it. Ploughing into the other pigs she carried them before her like a bow wave. The mass of animals thundered against the tailboard of the lorry. The fastenings broke and an avalanche of pigs cascaded to the ground.

A moment later Lady Chatterley and the other pigs were charging across the village square.

The guards and villagers behind the lorry went down before the rush. Commissar Androv leaped round, swearing and shouting to Pyotr's guard to get after the pigs. For two or three moments a squealing, grunting confusion existed in the square while panicking pigs dashed in all directions.

JAN dropped quickly to Pyotr's side. "Run, you fool!" he hissed. "Nadia and the others are up by the crashed plane. I'll see that no one chases you."

Pyotr didn't move.

"Run, fool!" urged Jan. "Don't you want to see Nadia again? To be kissed by her? To feel her arms around you? Run!"

Pyotr began to run. Commissar Androv saw him. "Get him!" he bellowed at Jan. "Take some villagers and get him."

"Yes, commissar," said Jan. "But I should point out that if you want to round up these pigs"—they were now all heading for the woods down the valley with the guards and villagers after them—"you'll need all my people's help."

"Get that man first!" Androv pointed to the small figure of Pyotr racing across the snow towards the head of the valley.

"Yes, commissar. But it may take hours. When darkness comes soon any pig not caught will freeze to death. Pigs are valuable. The country needs them. A man could be shot if he went back to the capital without them, pleading that he thought it better to let them freeze while he went after a traitor. Pigs, not people, are what you have to consider."

Commissar Androv's face gradually inflated. Then he burst out, "Damn you! Pigs then, first."

He and Jan began to lumber down the valley which was noisy with the shouts of the guards and the villagers and the high, frenzied squealing of pigs.

Pyotr went racing across the snow and into the pine trees where the plane had crashed. Nadia, with Ugo, Carl and two guides from the village who were to take them over the frontier, was waiting there.

"You left it almost too late," said Ugo.

"Forward to freedom!" said Carl.

But Nadia said nothing. She didn't have to. She just looked at Pyotr and smiled, and Pyotr suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Break it up," said Ugo.

"Time for that later," said Carl.

And they started walking. THE END

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

I ALLOW one or two side-shoots to grow on each of my greenhouse tomato plants. When the shoots are about six inches long I carefully cut them off and pot them. I find that they soon take root and make good plants from which I get a late crop.—Mrs. L. G. Edwards, Perryfield Road, Crawley, Sussex.

Before potting cuttings of plants or shrubs I split the ends with a knife and insert in each a kernel of wheat. After the cutting is potted, the wheat begins to sprout; the cutting then takes root and soon grows into a healthy plant. This is a method of striking cuttings which I have never known to fail.—Mrs. Florence Hudson, Howard Street, Ipswich.

PERCY THROWER says: Tomato side growths form plants easily, but will do so more quickly if they are dipped in hormone rooting powder and their pots are covered by jam jars or plastic bags. . . .

Mrs. Hudson's hint has a sound explanation: roots are encouraged to grow on cuttings by a natural hormone in the stem. When a seed germinates it produces a natural hormone that stimulates root and shoot growth. The hormone produced by the wheat kernel helps the cutting to root.

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HONESTY—1

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Too late for the truth to mend her romance

JILL could remember so clearly the day Paul gave her his photograph —rather shyly and only because she had so often asked for one.

That was three months ago, when they were spending all the time they could together. Wonderfully happy times, which grew steadily fewer and fewer until... Jill had to face the truth. Paul was no longer in love with her.

She would never be able to ask him why. And he would always be too shy to tell her the simple truth—that her unpleasant breath was more than he could bear.

FACTS OF THE MATTER

Jill should have asked *herself* why she started every day with a stale, rough taste in her mouth: the "morning mouth" that means bad breath! It's so simple.

While we sleep, tiny food particles decay in the crevices of teeth and gums, and give off a pungent odour. This bad breath odour can last *right through to the evening* if it is not dealt with properly.

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THE CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

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The silent partner

Continued from page 21

lock turned. I pressed on the door: it opened with a very slight creak.

Now you could see why no light showed. This was a tiny vestibule, five by five; a door led off to the right, probably into a bathroom, the door straight ahead into the living-room. A light showed under this. There was a handle, but above it was another Yale lock.

Usually a second such door would be left permanently with its catch back. At least it was worth trying. I took two steps and listened. There was no sound from inside. I put my fingers slowly round the knob and turned. When it had gone far enough I put the fingers of my other hand against the door and pressed. It began to open. As the first split of light showed down the length of the door, the light went out.

I let go the handle slowly and leaned against the door. It swung wide, opening into a vacuum of darkness. Then I didn't make any further move. My ears are pretty keen, and I thought I should pick up some sound of movement or breathing. It didn't come.

You could make out the oblong of one of the windows. The white blind was drawn, but there was just enough light from the street lamp at the end of the mews to mark the rectangle. By it you could see the shoulder of a chair, the glass of a picture on the wall, the sloping edge of a lampshade, a more anonymous bulk in the middle of the room.

I reached my hand slowly into the room and felt up and down the wall, found the smooth metal of a switch, went to press it down. But it was already down. I felt farther along the wall, but there was nothing else. I clicked the switch up. Nothing.

Now it was a question of nerves. The longer we waited the less his advantage would be. But I should have phoned the police instead of this. I knew that now.

Somewhere, I think in the flat below, a clock chimed the quarter hour. A car accelerated away, its exhaust higher than the dying rumble of the traffic. Quiet fell again. I could hear my own heart beating; it didn't seem fast but it was emphatic. I wondered how long I would have to wait.

A sound over to the right in the darkest part of the room, as if someone had disturbed something by the smallest move. I stepped back towards the first door, groped for the switch, put on the light in the vestibule, then lurched sharply into the living-room, veering left, seeking the shadows there.

Light flooded into the room through the gaping door. Settee, bookcase, television set, piano—something hit me across the head, a new light flashed; I fell across a chair clutching at a coat as it went past me; he shook free; as I rolled to the floor I clutched an ankle; he kicked himself clear, stumbling against the door—darkness fell on me and I lay on the floor holding my head as the outer door opened and slammed.

I got to my knees, forced myself up, stumbled across to the window, scratched the blind away; the mews was empty. I waited. Perhaps he had gone or there was another way out. A great lump on the back of my head; the room wasn't steady yet. But I had to keep watching in case.

I swore and blasphemed—taken in by the oldest trick—a bit of paper or something thrown across the room to suggest he was on the opposite side. I'd walked practically into him, yet not a recognizable glimpse.

A movement at the end of the mews by the telephone box was almost out of my range of vision; I let the blind fall and ran down the stairs. When I got out there was no one to be seen.

The blow hadn't broken the skin but my head was thumping. I stumbled back up the stairs and into the flat. By the light of the vestibule I saw the bulb of the standard lamp on the settee and put it back in its socket. Then I went back to the door and switched on.

A settee in figured brocade before a built-in electric fire, and an easy chair to match drawn up beside the sham-walnut television set. On a bleached-wood half-moon table by the wall was a typewriter, and next to it was a desk with a mirror over. I went to it and dragged open the drawers.

That scent of Lynn's, so cloying, so familiar. Notepaper—it was queer how scent always clung to paper—a cheque book, a rent receipt. I lifted off the cover of the typewriter but there was nothing in the machine. A newspaper on a chair, two weeks old, a pair of her shoes. Another door, half open, led into a tiny bedroom with a window looking out on the roof of another flat.

LYNN'S things here: nightdress in a case on the bed, dressing-gown behind the door, in a corner the suitcase she had taken when she left—her initials in blue on the side. It was half-full of things neatly packed, a hair-brush, face lotion, handkerchiefs, stockings. . . .

There was only one letter in the bottom, and it was from Messrs. Sterne, Webber and Webber, saying that the petition was now drawn up and inviting her to attend at their offices when the affidavit could be sworn before a neighbouring solicitor. Dated two days before she had left me.

In the drawers of the room were a few things of hers, all clean, nothing soiled. The wardrobe held two of her frocks, a light summer coat. A small wicker laundry basket was empty. At least it looked empty until I saw a bit of paper at the bottom caught in a cleft of broken cane, and eased it out. It was about half an inch by a quarter and was a recognizable piece of a cigar band. I put it away carefully in my wallet and turned to the waste-paper basket. Nothing in there.

Back through the living-room to the other door leading off the vestibule. A bathroom. Her toothbrush, some nail varnish, her soap, made with the same scent, as I knew. And then I saw something that really startled me. On the glass shelf beside the toothbrush was my toothpaste.

I remembered now I'd missed it on the morning after she left me and had had to use hers. The natural inference was that in packing her case to leave she had taken my toothpaste in mistake for her own.

Someone knocked on the outer door. It was a sharp rap, and for a second or so my thoughts were stuck like sheep in a gate. I took a step to the door and then stopped. The nature of the knock was wrong. I went to the windows and lifted the blind an inch away. In the mews below was a police car. Beside it a policeman stood and stared up at my window.

I let the blind fall. The knock came again. Well, I could answer it, couldn't I?

I went into the bedroom. The window looked out over a flat roof. Where did the roof lead? If back to the mews, then madness to try it. But the thing ran in the opposite direction.

I heard a scraping at the outer door as if someone was trying keys. I slid the window up and climbed out on to the roof and found there was no way out here. I either had to go back or on and across the next roof, which sloped V-shaped to a central guttering.

As I scrambled towards it a police whistle sounded. Perhaps it's natural to have that effect on a law-abiding citizen when he suddenly finds himself on the wrong side of the law. I slithered along on my hands and knees; behind me, a policeman was framed against the window as he climbed out.

I began to climb the sloping roof, clawing at the tiles with one hand and

HONESTY—2

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

Edward Young

at the wall of the house with the other. I reached the apex of the roof, let myself slide down the other side and came up with a jerk that broke a piece of the guttering. Below there was some sort of a small courtyard. I let go and landed on hands and knees. The policeman was following.

The courtyard was entirely enclosed but there was a house with french windows at the end, and one of these windows was ajar. I ran towards it, slid through, pulled the window behind me, fumbling through curtains into a long dark room with a number of shining tables that refracted the light from a half-open door beyond. It looked like an expensive restaurant or the dining-room of a club.

I felt my way down it towards the open door and a mutter of voices. A card-room; two tables were being used. Eight men playing bridge, the room heavy with cigar smoke. I looked round the room I was in. This was the only door.

One of my hands was scraped, so I dug it in my pocket and walked slowly into the card-room and towards the door at the other end.

I've never known a longer walk in my life. The "dummies" of both tables turned and stared; one of the men playing a hand looked at me with a sort of hypnotized interest.

After about half an hour I reached the other door, turned the handle, thought it was locked, and then found it opened inwards instead of outwards. I went through. No one had spoken.

There were stairs. I went down the stairs. At the bottom was a large tiled hall with a porter's box, but the porter had gone off duty. The first doors to the street were easy. The second lot were locked and it took me a minute to find out how the lock worked.

Outside, the street was empty, and about fifty yards away was a taxi-rank. I went up to a taxi there and gave him the name of my hotel. No one had come out of the club by the time the taxi turned off into Grosvenor Square. . . .

RAY FRENCH had a corduroy jacket thrown carelessly across his shoulders, over a silk monogrammed shirt with a spotted maroon scarf knotted at the throat. He raised his eyebrows in an amused sort of way and looked blandly welcoming.

"Come in, old boy. You're an early visitor. We're just finishing breakfast."

I said: "Sorry, but I wanted to catch you before you went out."

"Yes, of course." He looked at me pretty oddly for a second, then led the way up the stairs and into a tiny dining-room, from which through double doors you could see into his music-room, a big, gaudily curtained place with a black Steinway piano.

It occurred to me that I hadn't been to his flat before. Like him it was rather a mixture of the orthodox and the flamboyant. There was a second breakfast cup on the table and a lipstick-stained cigarette-end in its saucer.

He waved a finger towards a chair. "The coffee won't be nauseating yet. And the cigarettes are on the side-table."

"Thanks, I've finished. About that postcard you had from Lynn. Do you still have it?"

He frowned with one eyebrow at the cigarette he was lighting. When it was going and he had flipped the lighter out with his thumb he said: "Pressed in lavender. Has it some special significance?"

"It could have."

"Well, I must say it escapes me; it was only about records."

He went into the larger room and then disappeared through another door. A large black Persian cat came in by the same door and stretched itself and rubbed a lazy head against the leg of the piano. Then it came slowly into the dining-room and sat on its tail and looked at me with amber eyes. They were like Ray's. On the wall above the cat was a lithograph of Hyde Park in 1820, and beside that a Florentine mirror, in which I was suddenly startled to see black hair move.

I JERKED round in my seat and found that Margot du Caine, Ray's fiancée, had come into the room. I got up.

"Good morning! I didn't hear you."

"Good morning." She smiled self-consciously, her rather blind-looking eyes going past me in search of Ray.

"We met at Glyndebourne," I said. "I don't know if you remember——"

"Yes, of course." But she didn't.

Second viewing confirmed the first; she looked inexperienced, rather inelegant, trying to hide her unsureness. But she wasn't unattractive, in a rather negative way.

"I came for my cigarettes. Oh, yes, here they are." She picked them up from the chair facing the empty cup.

We stood about for a few seconds. She put her hands down and straightened her skirt over the hips.

"My name is Granville," I said. "Mike Granville."

She went on looking steadily at nothing, but her fingers had stiffened. Just then Ray came back with the card. To Margot he said: "'Lo, darling. You two know each other, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, taking the card. "Thank you."

"Margot got here just before you, so we decided to work up the breakfast-table atmosphere. Got to get into training for next week."

The postcard was typewritten, the message very much what he had said over the phone, including the last phrase, "Am staying a few days with Hazel at the above address." The signature was in ink and was the single word "Lynn." The postmark was N.W.8.

"Does she often send you typewritten letters?"

"She hasn't often written to me. But, no, I don't remember another typewritten. Why?"

I glanced at the girl and hesitated. Ray's laugh bubbled over. "I haven't any secrets from Margot."

"All the same, I think if you don't mind. . . ."

Margot turned her stare on Ray. "Do you want me to go, darling? You know nothing you can say——"

"Nothing I can say. But evidently Mike wants to say and doesn't like."

"In that case I'll go." She bent suddenly and picked up the cat. Her mass of dark glossy hair made the cat's coat look lifeless. We watched her move through into the big room and Ray shut the double doors.

"When is the wedding?" I said.

"Sunday at crack of three. We're

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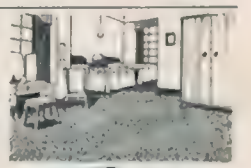

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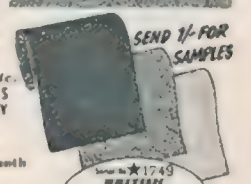

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ICI

SAV. 30/A

spending Sunday night in London and catching the Otrantes at Southampton on Monday afternoon. What's the matter, Mike? You look as if you're carrying more than your pay-load."

"Lynn and I have separated for good."

He whistled. "You as good as said that over the phone, but I hoped. . . ."

"Ray," I said, "you knew Lynn had a flat of her own in Grosvenor Court Mews, didn't you?"

He looked at me and then sat sideways in a chair, put a leg over one of the arms and hitched his jacket round him.

"Whispers, I must confess, have reached my ears," he said.

"You've been there, of course."

He took out a nail file and rubbed off a corner that was worrying him. "What is this, old boy? *Any Questions?* It's a trifle early in the morning."

"It's late in the day for learning the things I am learning."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"You're not compelled to say anything; but Lynn didn't have that flat for four months just for ornament."

"Has she had it for four months? Good Lord!"

"When did you first go there?"

"As a point of no interest, how did you know I'd been?"

"I thought it unlikely that another of my friends smoked these cheroots."

I put the piece of the cigar band on the table near him. He stared at it. A muscle in his cheek moved. "In the blossom of my sin, eh?"

"What is there between you and Lynn?"

"Would you be surprised if I told you absolutely nothing at all?"

"Very—now!"

"It's the truth—now!"

"Then what *was* there between you?"

"Why don't you ask Lynn?"

"Because I can't find her."

"But really, Mike, but *really*. . . ! Put yourself in my place. . . . She'll turn up, and you can ask her then."

"Lynn was your mistress?" I said.

"Look, old boy——"

"When did it begin?"

He picked up the piece of cigar band and sniffed it. "I'm not sure that this is mine, you know. Where did you find it?"

"When did it begin?"

He rolled the paper into a ball, flicked it away with finger and thumb. There was a long silence.

"About—four months ago," he said at last.

"And how long did it go on?"

"Desultorily, until the beginning of June."

"Why did it end?"

He turned and looked at me in a queer way, a bit embarrassed but challenging.

"Lynn just told me one day that she'd had enough," he said. "In a sense I was relieved."

"Why?"

"I'm not un-fond of women, Mike, but carrying on with the wife of a friend isn't my strongest line. And then I had met Margot."

"Did you quarrel with Lynn?"

"Oh, Lord, no! We parted dear friends, still write and phone each other, as you see."

"Did she give any reason for finishing this—this affair with you?"

"Don't you think you'd better ask her?"

"I'm asking you."

Ray swung his leg off the chair and put his arms into his jacket. "This *is* a fact-finding commission, isn't it? Yes, if you want to know, she did give me a reason. She said she'd found someone else."

"Did she mention a name?"

"Naturally not."

I thought it all out. "Were you the first? At Grosvenor Court Mews, I mean."

Again he glanced me up and down. "No." He fumbled for another cigarette.

I said: "When did you last see Lynn?"

"At Glyndebourne when we all met. Eighth of July, wasn't it? But I phoned her after that at Hockbridge. Four or five days after."

"When was it she told you she was leaving me?"

"What? She didn't."

"You said——"

"Oh, you mean over the phone the last time we spoke. I didn't take it at all that she was leaving you. I simply offered to toil down with the records on the Saturday and she said she'd be away."

I got up and walked to the window. The storms of yesterday had cleared but the summer spell was over. The sky was grey and low.

He said: "Look, old boy, I don't want to blackguard Lynn; but in fairness to your feelings about me. . . . How would you go on if a woman made a dead set at you—and one as damned attractive as Lynn? I'm no angel and have never pretended to be, but I don't go round clocking in for other men unless there's a very big welcome put out. How much do you understand Lynn, Mike?"

"Don't get too big-hearted towards yourself."

"Well, when you find her, ask her if what I say isn't true. Ask her if I was the first or even the fifth or even——"

"Shut up!" I said.

He shrugged and fastened one of the big leather buttons on his jacket. "At least I'm glad to feel I'm not the reason she left you."

"It must be very gratifying."

"Well so it is. I've always liked you, Mike, and the fact that you now hate my guts doesn't alter it. So though I fully admit the injury I've done you I'm relieved it's not as great as it might have been. If you want the truth I'll tell you. Lynn's charming and decorative and likeable, but she's never been exactly a faithful wife. If she wants to divorce you, let her. You'll be well out of it. . . ."

I went down to Letherton next day, and as I got near the works I knew that the one thing I wanted more than anything else in the world just now was to see Stella.

Miss Allen said: "Good morning, Mr. Granville. We were hoping you were coming this morning. Several things have cropped up rather urgently. Mr. Thurston rang you yesterday afternoon and twice this morning. He said would you ring him as soon as you got in."

"Right. Give me a minute or two to get sorted out."

She went out. I sat for a minute, and then I pressed the inter-com thing and told her I wanted to see Mrs. Curtis.

"She's not here today, sir. She phoned up to say that she couldn't get in."

"Oh."

"She asked to speak to you. She rang about eleven."

"Oh, thanks. Will you tell Mr. Dawson I want to see him?"

"Mr. Dawson's gone down to Wales."

"Oh, hell! When did he leave?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, Mr. Granville. Er—shall I get Harwell for you?"

"Yes, please."

I drew gallows on my blotting pad until the call came through. When it did, Thurston said: "We've fixed a full meeting for three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Where? At Harwell?"

"No, at Llanveryan. There's a man called Holborn going to be there, from Chalk River. He's on a visit to England, and he's one of the men who's been building scintillometers for aerial prospecting in Canada. Benson thought it would be a good idea to have him in for his expert advice."

"I don't like the sound of that," I said.

"Nor I. Because I think it will be a deciding opinion on the instrument as a whole. But I hear Holborn's a very sensible bloke. I don't think he'd take any narrow view."

"Why is everybody going down to Llanveryan?"

"That's what I rang you about. Holborn wants to test our equipment as thoroughly as he can before he gives a considered opinion of it. So we've

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 36

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

HONESTY—3

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Φ 121

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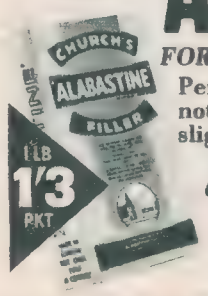

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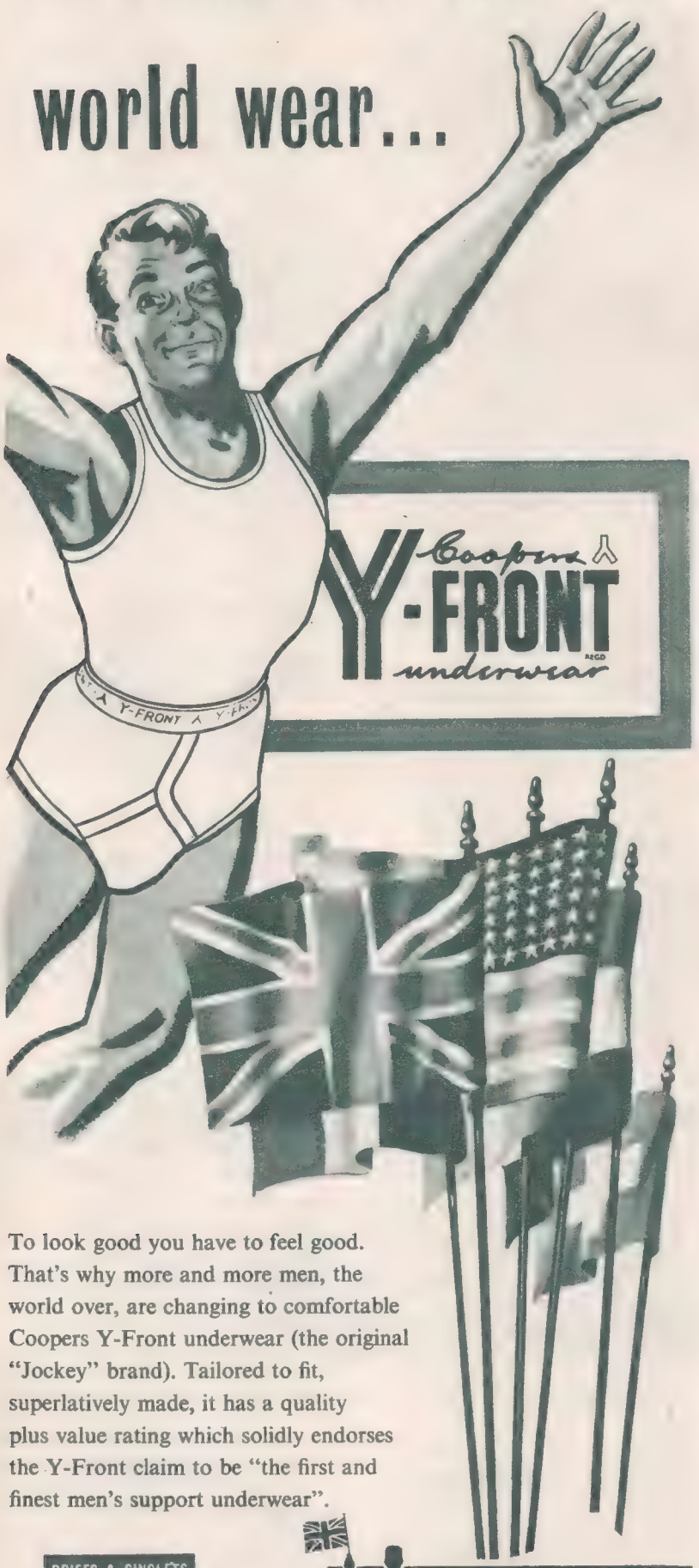

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fixed a trial for eleven tomorrow. You can be there by then?"

"Yes," I said, and knew I couldn't. I couldn't go down tomorrow because this afternoon I had to go to Hockbridge to discover the body of my wife. . . .

I drove down to Hockbridge and stopped the car where the mouth of the drive broadened out before the house. I cut off the engine and slid my fingers round the steering wheel; it was warm and clammy from the grip of my hands. Even the backs of my hands were clammy. And when I got out, my knees were no good.

It all had to happen today as it should have happened when I found Lynn's body. At least I wouldn't have to sham feeling queer. It was going to be all I could do to get as far as the cellar.

I shut the car door quietly, got out the key of the house, turned it round twice and then began to walk towards the front door. My feet crunched noisily on the gravel, like the sound of someone walking on crisp snow. It was queer because it was as if there was an echo of my own footsteps.

At the door I stopped dead, my hair prickling, and turned. There was no one behind me but the crunching footsteps were going on. . . .

They were coming towards me round the corner of the house. The day had never been more chill than it was at that moment. Then a woman came round the corner. It was Stella.

She said: "What luck! I came hoping to find you——"

"Stella, what the hell are you doing here?"

She stopped, her eyes moving quickly over my face. "What's the matter?"

I tried to put a brake on. "Nothing. . . . You startled me. Phew, it was a fright!"

"Sorry. Did you think it was Lynn back?"

"No. . . . I didn't think it was Lynn back. . . . How on earth did you get here?"

"By train. It isn't difficult. This end there's a walk."

"But what made you come? Is John——?"

"No. I was worried about you."

"Why?"

"Well, you weren't at the works yesterday and you promised to call in and see us in the evening."

I wanted to sit down somewhere. "But did you know I would be here?"

"No, I came on the off-chance."

I put my hand out and took her fingers. "You don't know how much I've longed to see you these last two days. You never will know." She looked at me almost in surprise. "Stella, every hour. . . ."

She seemed very touched. "Mike, dear——"

"And I'm not forgetting anything. But you shouldn't have come. It's better at present that we aren't seen together so I won't ask you in——"

"Oh, I've been in," she said.

I felt as if all the blood had run into my feet. "You've been in?"

"Did you mind? You told me about the key under the geranium for Lynn. I found it there. It was stuffy in the house so I'd just opened the french windows when I heard your car."

I tried to swallow and gave it up and let her hand fall. "Have you been here long?"

"No. I waited five minutes and then thought of going home. But the next train is four thirty."

"I'll take you back," I said. "We can talk in the car."

LITTLE lines gathered about her eyes as she looked at me. "What's happened, Mike? Why didn't you come last evening?"

"I'll tell you in the car."

"I suppose it's better not to be seen here."

"Much better. I——"

"We ought to lock the french windows before we leave, oughtn't we? Sorry I trespassed."

"You go and sit in the car. I'll lock up and join you."

I watched her walk to the car. She was wearing a tan coat, and although there was no sun the wind seemed to shine in her hair. I went in.

I got across the hall without looking towards the kitchen. It was more than stuffy. I went into the drawing-room and shut the windows. I came out and through the hall and shut the front door after me.

When I got to the car Stella was lighting a cigarette. She didn't look at me when I got in. She put out her lighter and slipped it into her bag.

"I don't know why I can't stop smoking," she said. "My average was about three a day until this week."

"What happened to the key?" I said.

"Here."

"Thanks."

"Perhaps we should put it back just in case."

"Perhaps."

My hand was on the wheel, and she put hers over it. I bent and kissed her fingers and then leaned my face against them.

"Darling, what is it?"

"Just keep on saying that," I said.

"I wish I could. I wouldn't want anything better."

"Stella. . . ."

"I know. It doesn't sound like self-denial week. Sorry. . . ."

"Don't ever be sorry for what you've just said."

"It isn't any good being, now that it's out. But I didn't come here to say it."

"I know."

I told her about finding the key and going to Lynn's flat. I told her all the rest from there. I realized that for the first time I was lying—by omission—to her, just as she was lying by omission to her husband. We talked, but all the time I was on edge to get away from the house. At last I switched on the ignition and started the engine. Whatever else, the discovery was off for this afternoon.

As we turned the corner of the drive to the road, I braked hard. A car was stopped a couple of yards inside the drive and a man was standing with his hand on door. When my tyres slithered he left his own car and came towards us. He was a man of about forty in a bowler hat and a dark suit and highly polished black shoes. He had a tight mouth with a full bottom lip.

He took off his hat when he saw Stella.

To me he said: "I beg your pardon, this is Greencroft, isn't it?"

I said it was, and wondered if he was going to shove another petition into my hand.

"And are you Mr. Granville?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my name is Booker. Detective Sergeant Booker. I wonder if you could spare me a few minutes of your time?"

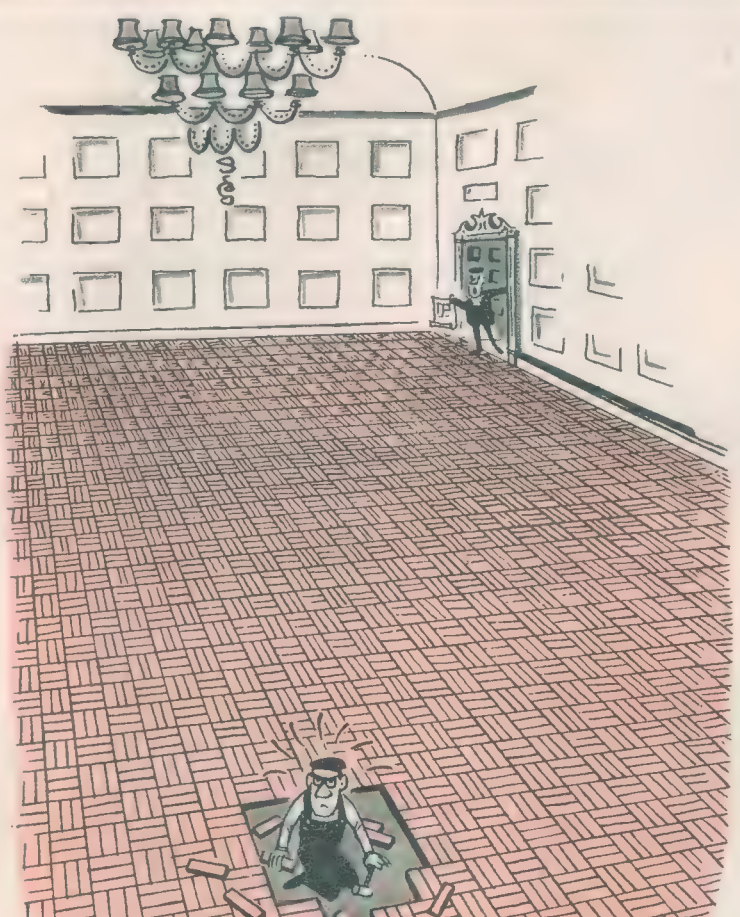
"I can hardly refuse it."

He smiled without looking amused

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 34

THE dog with its lead trailing is a potential danger to passers-by, says a barrister-at-law. The woman who let it get away is therefore guilty of a "public nuisance" for which she could be fined. And if anyone trips over the lead, the owner may have to pay the injured person damages. The owner of a runaway terrier had to pay £100 damages after such an accident in London in 1936.



"There's been some mistake. The parquet goes in the other room"

and put his hands behind his back. "That has been known. Er—you were coming away from the house?"

"Yes. This is my technical assistant, Mrs. Curtis."

He inclined his head. "I won't keep you long, Mr. Granville; but we're making a few inquiries, and I thought——"

"Inquiries about what?"

He looked surprised. "About your wife, Mr. Granville."

I noticed he was wearing a stiff white collar with a blue striped shirt, and his black tie was pulled into a tiny knot. He had a cultured voice that didn't sound as if it had been with him all his life. Even his smile was tough.

I said: "What was it you wanted to know?"

Booker glanced at Stella. "Perhaps a few minutes' conversation. . . ."

"I'll walk on," Stella said. "Catch me up, Mr. Granville, will you?"

"No, there's no need to do that," I protested, but she opened the door and slid out. Our eyes met through the glass as she shut the door.

"I'll take the road for the village," she said. She smiled at Sergeant Booker, and he raised his hat again.

We watched her for a moment.

"Has my wife sent you?"

"No, not exactly." He ran a hand along the panel of the door.

"I was served with a petition for divorce this week. It rather jaundices one's attitude towards strange officials."

"Your wife is divorcing you?"

"That's her idea."

His glance strayed past me and down the road, as if to look at Stella again. "No, I came really to inquire if you knew where your wife was."

"I wish I did."

"Yes. Yes, so do we."

"Don't tell me the police want her for something."

He put out his bottom lip. "We're making a few inquiries at the instigation of her bank. When did you last see her, Mr. Granville?"

"It's just over three weeks ago. When I got home one evening she wasn't there, and the following morning I had a letter from her telling me she was leaving me."

"Do you still have the letter? I'd rather like to see it sometime."

"Is it of special interest?"

"Well, it could be. You see, her bank have had two communications from her since then, and they are not satisfied about her signature."

I looked at him and he looked back at me. Then I got out of the car and took out my pocket book. "I've carried her letter ever since. I think it's here."

"You haven't heard from her since?"

"No." I gave him the letter.

He read it. Then he said: "Are you satisfied that this is your wife's handwriting?"

"Yes."

"Do you know if she ever signed herself Lynn Granville in her business affairs?"

"I don't think so in her formal dealings. She used her full name Lindsey."

"Yes, that's what the bank said. Er—were you surprised when she left you, Mr. Granville?"

"Very."

"You didn't expect her to petition for a divorce?"

"Certainly I didn't."

"What were the grounds?"

I put the letter away. "I have a feeling that you know all this already."

A wasp came between us for a moment, settled on the bonnet of the car and moved with angular venomous legs across the slippery surface. Booker waved it away.

"Were you aware that your wife had a flat in London?"

"Not before she left me. I've discovered it since."

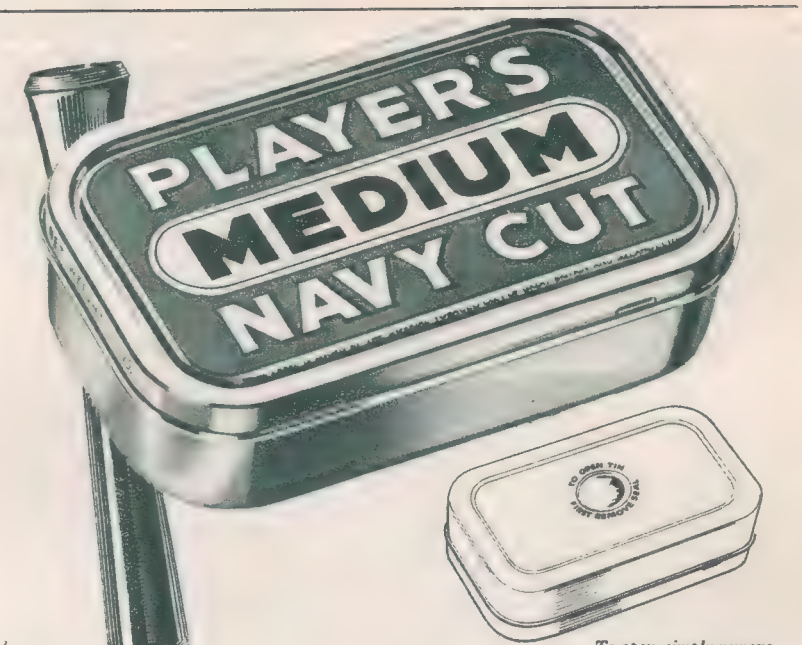
"And have you been there?"

"Yes, two or three times, but there was no one in."

"There was someone in last night. The lady below phoned for the police, but the man escaped."

"Man? It wasn't Lynn, then?"

"Apparently there was a struggle," he said. "Can you give me any leads



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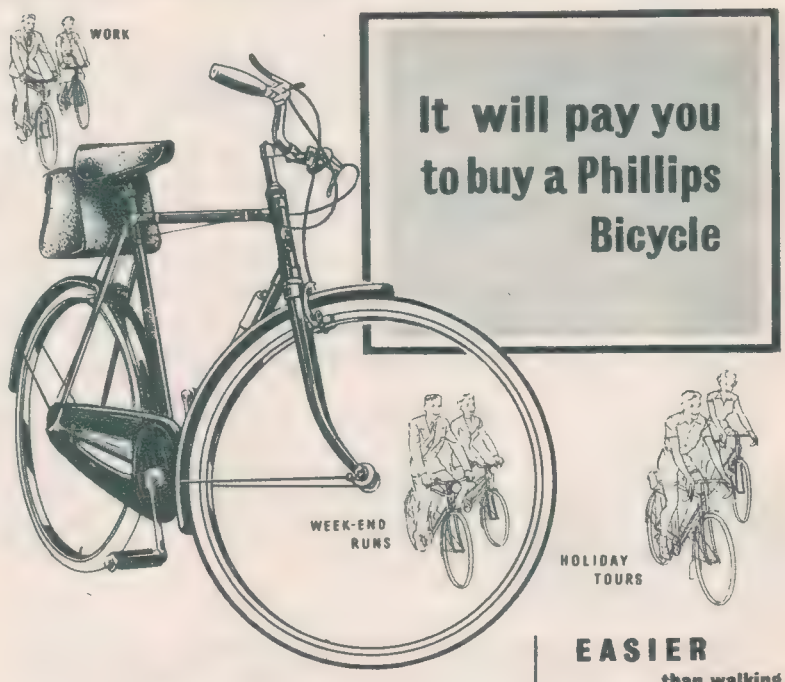

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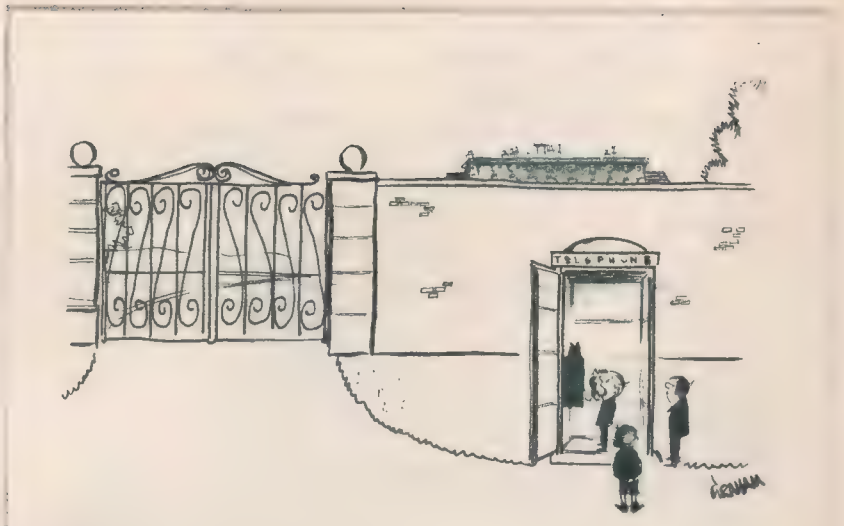


"May we have our ball back, please?"

as to where you think your wife might be?"

"I don't know what you know of my movements in the last four or five days, Sergeant Booker. But if you check them you'll find that since I had this divorce petition I've thrown over my work and everything else in trying to find her."

"Did you make no effort to find her before that? I should have thought the incentive would have been greater then."

"The bank will tell you I did."

"Only the bank?"

"I rang her mother and every friend of hers I could trace."

"Have you felt worried about what might have happened to her?"

"No. I take it she's lying low somewhere for her own purposes."

"Which are?"

I said: "I don't quite follow you. Do you think something has happened to her?"

"Not necessarily at all. In any case the bank may be quite mistaken in their doubt as to her signature. Certainly the letters were typed on the machine which is in her flat."

"I see you've already been pretty thorough."

"We do our best," he said. "Tell me, Mr. Granville, is the lady who was with you just now the—er—woman named, as they call it, in the divorce petition?"

"I'm sure you know that she is."

"She is married, I understand?"

"Yes, and happily."

"To an invalid husband?"

"Does that surprise you?"

"Frankly, in this work after a while one loses one's capacity for surprise. But on the law of averages I'd say that an attractive young woman, married to a sick and older man——"

"I should have thought you would have learned to distrust the law of averages as well."

He smiled, this time with his eyes, too.

"That seems a very fair comeback," he said. "Have you gone through your wife's papers since she left?"

"I looked through some of them yesterday."

"No help?"

"No help at all."

He took his hand off the headlamp of the car.

"Well, thank you, Mr. Granville. We'll carry on with our inquiries. We don't, of course, for the moment propose to list Mrs. Granville among the 'missing persons.' There may be some very simple explanation of the whole thing. Where can I find you if I want you again?"

"Care of the Old Bull, Letherton. And you?"

"I think I'll have to back before you can get past." He stared with suspicious eyes at his own car, as if he thought it guilty of loitering with intent. "Me? Oh, you can phone me direct in London or practically care of any police station."

I left him sitting in his car watching me drive away.

To be continued next week

Crossroads of the world

Continued from page 11

aspiration—but it has a fatal flaw. Independence in any real sense is not possible for Malta. Even Borg Olivier's plan calls for large subsidies to be paid by Britain in return for her use of Malta's strategic position. Between them, the dockyard and the Services employ one-quarter of the working population and provide one-third of the island's income. Further planned investment—also from Britain—might reduce this dependence. But it could hardly remove it.

For what, after all, is Malta but a large hunk of limestone, commanding the central bottleneck of the Mediterranean and—partly for this reason—inhabited by 320,000 people, one of the densest populations in the world.

On this rock, seventeen miles long by nine miles broad, the soil is so precious that when any building is done, the law now requires the contractor—often at great cost—to remove every foot of soil from the site. Gathered together, it is then transported to some rocky hillside where a small patch of earth is being built up. In this way two thousand cultivatable acres have been added to the island.

But if the materials are not encouraging, past neglect, nevertheless, has been grave. Despite good opportunities for afforestation, for the planting of carobs—whose fruit is processed as cattle food—the island is almost as treeless as, apart from sparrows, it is birdless. Travelling its roads, one sees nothing but the stone walls, the outcropping rock on the hillsides, the patchwork fields in the valleys, the church towers and domes on the stony skyline.

ONCE, near Naxxar (pronounced "Narshar" and meaning "drying" because St. Paul is reputed to have dried his clothes there after being cast up in St. Paul's Bay) I stopped to talk to a peasant, a wiry little man in a floppy straw hat whose face and arms were burned dark walnut by the sun.

He was harvesting a small field of wheat, stooping to cut it, handful by handful, with a sickle. It would take him, he told me, five days to cut the half acre.

A grey concrete pillbox, a relic of the second World War, lay on the edge of the field; the mouldering old Mosta Fort, reminder of yet another war, crowned the hilltop; in the distance gleamed the new white barracks of the Commandos. In Malta one can never get very far away from wars.

The farmer's name was Manuel Camilleri—though he was known, like all Maltese peasants, by his other, familiar, name, the name that came down from his grandfather, Ta-Lumziat. He had twenty acres—a very large holding for Malta where three or four is the average—rented from the old cathedral in Mdina. But, as usual, it was scattered about in twenty pieces. Fragmentation through inheritance is

one of the things that have kept Malta's agriculture still very primitive.

Another is lack of water. Here and there we passed a blinkered donkey, patiently plodding in circles, turning an ancient waterwheel that lifted water from a spring into a cistern to irrigate perhaps a couple of acres. Farmers who install diesel or electric pumps or drill new wells are nonetheless forbidden to take more water than before for fear of encroaching on domestic supplies, already unpleasantly saline in dry summers. It is urgently imperative to develop the island's upper water table. But it will take five years—and cost £7 million.

In face of such hardships, land has slowly been going out of cultivation. For today the multi-coloured buses—each a different vivid combination of stripes for the benefit of illiterates who cannot read the indicators—run regularly to and from Valletta to the island's forty scattered villages.

"EMIGRANTI! MALTA-LONDON SPECIALE PREZZO!" tempt the posters in Valletta travel agents' doorways. The old man may sweat out his life in his rocky fields if he must, but for his sons, insular as they may be, flight begins to appear inevitable. On an "assisted passage" ticket an emigrant can fly by B.E.A. Elizabethan to London for £2 17s. 6d. In the Palazza Spinola at the lower end of Kingsway I found the corridors and stairways filled with patient queues of men and women, holding documents in their hands. "The Australia processing," explained an Emigration Department official. "The Australian team are upstairs; they've got through 1,300 in the last ten days."

These days Australia is the strongest magnet—with 46,000 Maltese already out there, among them some big Queensland sugarcane growers. Then, far behind, come Canada, Britain and the U.S.A. Now New Zealand has just

HONESTY—4

The silly when deceived exclaim loudly; the fool complains; the honest man walks away and is silent.

François de la Noue

accepted a pioneer batch of a hundred. There are now good hopes, the Director of Emigration told me, that emigration will at last be able to keep pace with the growth of the island's population.

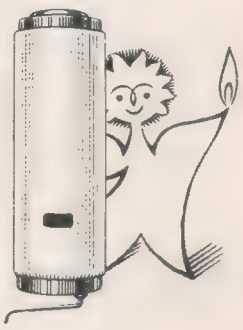
But if organized emigration is an inescapable palliative, it can offer no solution to the chronic problem of Malta's poverty—and may even have its dangers since it is the most enterprising and skilful who leave.

The real trouble of this small history-encrusted island is that it has been overtaken by this modern age without being prepared for it or even—until quite recently—realizing it. Adjustments made to the old social and administrative system have been patchy and half-hearted. In Valletta, still working in the building where it was started, is the *Monte di Pieta*, the government pawnshop—the "social welfare" of the knights. The deposit room door is still secured by a vast lock, worked by five great keys, handed down from those days. The pledge books, kept in neat Italian, run back to 1597.

An early pledge book contains an order from Grand Master Rohan ruling that, owing to distress, money should be advanced to the poor without pledges. And still today the *Monte's* terms are more generous than in any commercial pawnshop. Annual interest is sevenpence halfpenny in the pound. Even worn personal clothing is accepted—and on this no interest at all is charged.

Within the memory of the present Keeper, the shelves were overflowing with clothing bundles. Women often just took out their dresses for the days of a *festa*. But now the shelves are all but empty. The *Monte* as a whole

. . . I feel it my duty to say a few words about the benefits bestowed by hot water in the home. The constant use of hot water is an essential factor in health and hygiene. Apart from personal cleanliness, it is the pivot on which washing of dishes and clothes and all house cleaning turn. It is also part and parcel of good cooking. You must have ample supplies always available. The easiest way to provide hot water is by installing a gas water heater over the kitchen sink. That will give plenty for all domestic purposes and it is there instantaneously at the turn of a tap. I make bold to say that every household in the land should have a gas sink water heater."



Call at your gas showroom and see the various models available. You can buy one for a few pence a day.

GAS—to be sure

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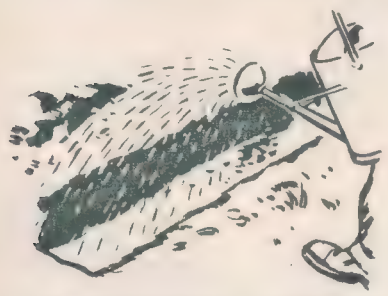
THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

PLANTS NEED CLEAN SOIL

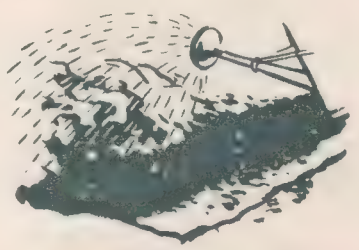
says Bob Green, our gardening expert

1. Without a doubt, most plant failures (outdoor tomatoes included) are due to disease in the soil.

2. Plants only thrive in clean soil, so sterilize it as you dig. It's too late once you've planted!



3. Saturate the bottom of each trench with a solution of Jeyes' — ONE tablespoonful per gallon of water.



4. As you throw in the topsoil, soak that too — same strength solution. Use plenty — it's cheap enough!

5. Leave the plot at least a fortnight before planting, while Jeyes' kills off disease and many pests.

6. Always sterilizé soil too for cloche-work, glass won't help if soil below it is unhealthy!

Quart cans 5/-. Gallon cans 15/- and in bottles—at hardware stores, horticultural suppliers, chemists and grocers.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

X-rays on Indigestion

This X-ray experiment carried out by an eminent radiologist will interest every sufferer from indigestion and similar stomach disorders.

A patient suffering from acute indigestion was X-rayed first before, and then two hours after, a meal. The second X-ray plate showed that the stomach was distended by undigested food. Repeating the experiment later, the patient was given a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia after his meal. This time the X-ray photograph showed that there was practically no distention—thanks to 'Bismag' digestion was proceeding normally.

This was just a single experiment, but all over the world, in 45 different countries, millions of sufferers depend on this scientifically balanced antacid prescription for quicker, surer relief. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag'.

is doing only one-quarter of its prewar business.

But if living standards have vastly improved, this has merely meant that the Maltese worker has become more sharply aware than ever before of what he lacks. Today he stands poised between the old world and the new. For him there can be only one direction: forward.

Here, then, is the powerful driving force behind Dom Mintoff's meteoric rise to power in Malta. Here is the true inner magic of this word "integration." Already a British expert has been at work in the island planning a national insurance scheme. Over the "interim period" of fifteen to twenty years, dockyard and governmental wages are to be brought slowly up towards British levels.

So far it has been Malta's fate to boom madly in wartime and stagnate and half starve in peace. Since the war's end, the rebuilding programme, financed out of the British £30 million War Damage grant, has sustained the island's economy. But now this is coming to a close. To support the new social welfare structure, an intensive programme of economic development and modernization becomes imperative.

There are plans for deep-water quays —at present ships unload by lighter— and facilities for tanker repairs; more technical education; better irrigation, making possible the growing of early vegetables for the English market (supplementing the potatoes at present largely exported to Glasgow, the onions that go to London); a campaign to bring in more holidaymakers; and— most vital, yet most difficult of all—a drive to attract small light industry concerns, lured by Malta's surplus of labour.

Social benefits parallel with Britain's imply parallel rates of income tax— and income tax was only introduced in Malta in 1948. But since families are large and incomes are still low, the early yield must be minute. Britain will have to foot the bill for some years —and it may be large. Yet strategic as well as human claims dictate it. And the price will be low enough if this bold constitutional innovation called integration can give renewed vitality and resilience to the bonds of Commonwealth.

While defence and foreign affairs would remain subjects reserved for Westminster—where the three Maltese M.P.s can have their say—matters touching religion, the marriage laws and so on will be very definitely for the Maltese legislature only. This safeguard in the integration scheme is fundamental—for no one can be in Malta long without realizing how the island's Roman Catholicism colours and pervades its whole life.

The haloed saints, dimly lit by night, look out from their round pedestals at the street corners as they have since Valletta was built, and since in St. John's, the co-cathedral, the knights of the various *Langues*—or languages—vied with each other in the rich ornamentation of their chapels.

The tradition lives vividly on. All day the people pass in and out of the innumerable churches. Crucifixes stand on office desks; devotional pictures are stuck up in buses. Men are named for their local saints and the saint's statue glows in the front parlour of their homes.

It is an old Maltese jest that the island has three governments: the Imperial Government, the Maltese Government, and the Church—today represented by the Most Reverend Michael Gonzi, Archbishop of Malta.

The archbishop is a small, neat man, very alert, with an incisive manner that belies his seventy years. He received me in his palace in Valletta, a massive structure, dating from 1625, with walls five feet thick. A plaque near the entrance bears the roll of the Archbishops of Malta and their countries of origin. The earlier ones, I noticed, had been Spanish, Aragonese, French and Italian. But the last five or so were Maltese.

A former bishop of Gozo, Malta's small sister island, the archbishop is extremely well informed on current social conditions and we talked for a while about the changes that had come to the island.

"Morally," said the archbishop, "there has been a deterioration— although our standard is still better than in other countries. But formerly we were almost totally cut off from the Continent; now we're closely linked up. We get films—and some of them are a bad influence. We get newspapers and magazines by air—and some of them are terrible. They are spoiling our youth. I say it again—they are spoiling our youth."

I said that family life still seemed to be strong.

"Yes—and the reason for that is that we have no divorce in Malta. We are all as one against divorce; if it were proposed the Church would come out in all its strength!"

The archbishop has since made it very clear that in demanding constitutional guarantees before he consents to integration, it is not so much the danger of interference from Protestant Britain that is worrying him as the secularist temper of Malta's own elected Labour government. Under integration, the Imperial government may willingly accept a delimitation of its sphere; the Church, which has ruled unchallenged in Malta for many centuries longer, finds it less easy.

THERE have already been minor clashes between the Labour Party and the Church. Mintoff's proposal for a tourist-attracting casino met with root-and-branch condemnation. "Decency in Dress, Please!" exhortations in shop windows and the prohibition of two-piece bathing suits perhaps hardly chime with the Labour government's drive to make Malta a tourist island.

There is already a certain latent anti-clericalism. "I'm a devout Catholic myself," a shopkeeper said angrily, "but I say we've had enough of this 'funny business.' It's like keeping a bird in a cage, you know, and when he gets out and finds his wings, he can't keep control. Even the priests. They go to Australia—and then it's goodbye. They unfrock themselves."

Though at the February referendum the Church came out in full force against integration, it is significant that despite all that such defiance might involve no less than forty-four per cent of the island's electorate voted "Yes." The archbishop, who is certainly no medievalist, must be aware that sooner or later the Church will have to reach a *modus vivendi*, and

A BRILLIANT NEW STORY

Norah Burke's

ELEPHANT RIVER

The native boy and the wild black elephant were born on the same day. They hated and fought one another in the treacherous depths of the jungle. And then at last came the day of reckoning. . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ultimately a Concordat, with the Mintoff régime. The alternative would be calamitous for both Malta and Britain, throwing into the direst confusion one of the very few remaining strategic centres in the Mediterranean where stable and happy relations seems likely to grow.

At the best of times Maltese politics very easily boil over into violence. The Malta Labour Party may model itself on Britain's but its temperament is Mediterranean. By his boycott of the referendum and his "fight-to-a-finish" attitude, Dr. Borg Olivier, the Nationalist party leader, has generated a bitterness that hardly bodes well for the coming general election when Malta must finally make up her mind for or against the constitution Britain holds out to her.

Yet if these days change is inescapable even on a small Mediterranean island, to a stranger at least there seems little danger yet awhile that Maltese life will lose its distinctive flavour or Malta's people their simplicity, gaiety, and goodness of heart.

One evening I went over to Sliema to attend one of the many *feste* which still have an important part in Malta's life. Every village, every district of every town, every church has its *festa* day, centring around—one might almost without irreverence say "starring"—the local saint. They are gay and altogether memorable occasions, warming and colouring the whole year—until the next *festa* comes around.

The particular section of Sliema where this *festa* was being held lies on a hillside, rising up from the creek. All the way up the hill, the streets were festooned with elaborate decorations; the women and girls were in their *festa* dresses, white and lacey. Then, very slowly, down the street came the long procession, the brown-robed Franciscan brothers, the double rows of small boys carrying lighted candles almost as tall as themselves; the bearers of the sacred banners and silver crosses; the solemn men in dark suits.

From the balconies all down the street the people showered down the paper confetti: for weeks past the children of the district had been collecting paper and industriously tearing it up. Then, a roar and a burst of clapping, and round the corner by the police station, borne on the shoulders of white-robed men, came the platform bearing a statue of Our Lady, her head surrounded by a great aureole of gilded rays. The confetti showered down from the balconies.

For several hours the procession had been moving, very slowly, through the streets; very soon now it would be back at the Church of the Sacred Heart whence it set out. The façade and twin towers of the church were outlined in lights; the whole street, leading down to it, was a continuous archway of lights.

On the steps of the church, the Duke of Connaught's band was in full blast; inside, red cloth draped the pillars; a place was prepared to receive the statue of Our Lady; great bouquets of flowers, sent by local clubs and individuals, filled the aisles. The church was packed; the people waited, expectant but silent.

Across the street, immediately opposite, the Band Club building was jammed with more people, shaking hands, quietly drinking beer, or admiring the silver trophies presented to the club, the banners and group photographs of committee men, past and present. Institutions at once musical, social and, *sub rosa*, political, these Band Clubs are important features of the island's life.

Every district has its Band Club, and in many, rival clubs struggle for the allegiance of the population. In return for government grants, their bands must give a number of public performances a year; also, on condition that they teach music effectively, they are permitted to run local lotteries—and the Lotto is another old Maltese institution—for their funds.

A SUCCESSION of loud explosions shook the club. No one paid the slightest attention. A *festa* not enlivened by fireworks underfoot would be no *festa* at all. Made at home with a few pounds of gunpowder, the bigger bangers are rather alarmingly known as *mortali*. A good *mortali*, a nine-incher of the sort dear to the Maltese heart can, a Band Club member confided, cost as much as £7. But (alas!) expressions of festal *joie de vivre* might now be confined to whistling bombs, flip-flaps and Roman candles—for so many people had had fingers blown off in the process either of manufacture or discharge of *mortali* that the government had just then enacted a law banning them.

"They'recoming," somebody shouted. The people in the club ran across to the windows. Slowly, inch by inch, borne aloft on the shoulders of the white-robed men, gleaming under the lights, the tall figure of Our Lady moved down the street towards the steps of the church. The fireworks, now hurled here there and everywhere with the most reckless abandon, whooshed and banged to a crescendo. The crowd rose on tiptoe, their faces shining with excitement. Down by the side of the church, a man with a stall was cutting up and selling multi-coloured nougat, the sweet of the *festa*.

To a Protestant Anglo-Saxon from our own grey northern isle such an outpouring of simple piety and joy was a strange and alien wonder; but to the people of this Mediterranean island—as complex and rich a blend as their own ancient language—it was a part of the stuff of life itself.

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins meets the young soldiers who serve under seven flags

Amazing News!

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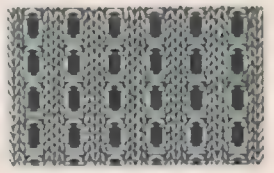

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SEND COUPON FOR PATTERNS, *stating predominating colour required, such as Greens, Reds, Browns, Greys or Yellows, and* **FREE Illustrated Catalogue.**
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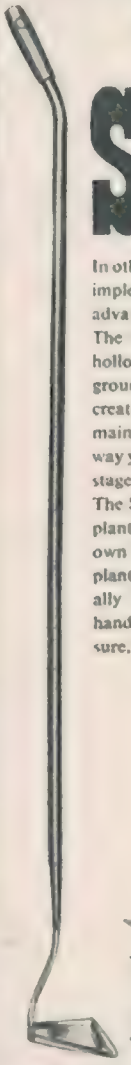
DO YOU

SWOE



In other words, do you use the new garden implement which represents the greatest advance in soil cultivation since the hoe? The Wilkinson Sword SWOE, with its hollow-forged, rust-resisting cutting blade ground on three edges, enables you to create a fine tilth so essential for the maintenance of healthy plant life. In this way you control weeds at the germination stage.
The SWOE enables you to work close to plants without interfering with nature's own soil structure and the network of plant roots. This fine instrument is specially designed for easy and comfortable handling—indeed, SWOEing is a pleasure, not a labour.

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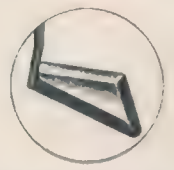
PRICE 40/-



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Illustrated leaflet G 3 of full range of garden tools available on application.

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Announcing something really NEW for you

The Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE **STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE**

This month something quite new is starting — a special and very different Club which you can join. The Stork Wives Club! Read about it, see just what your new Club will mean to you.

What is the Club?

We've always had a great deal of correspondence at the Stork Margarine Cookery Service—about cooking food, serving food, special catering, sandwiches, cake and pastry making, and a dozen other things. Our experience showed us that all over the country there are thousands of women who would like to be kept in touch with new ideas about shopping, catering and cooking. So we decided to form the Stork Wives Club which would give you all a really unique service.

Your membership card is also a permanent shopping reminder. These cookery booklets are free, with an attractive glazed folder to keep them in.

I'm running your Club

I hope you like this idea of a Stork Wives Club as much as I did when the makers of Stork Margarine asked me to come and help run the Club. I'm delighted to be in at the beginning of such an exciting organisation.

I am your Club Secretary, and if you have any questions about the Club, do write to me. It will be my job to deal with members' questions about cooking and catering and all the many things which add up to feeding the family. If you'll write to me I'll see that your letter goes to one of our experts and I'll give you her (or his) reply.

I'll be writing to you in the next Stork Wives Club page in this magazine. Or you may hear from me before then, if you decide to become a member —I hope you do!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton.

3 WIVES

Three wives? Yes, we decided that the wives who are going to read these Wives Club pages in the future will probably be in roughly three groups; read on and see which kind of wife you are.

The first, and probably the youngest, type of wife is the one who is still keeping on her job. Perhaps she hates to give it up yet, perhaps she and her husband are both saving hard for their own home. Anyway, her shopping and housekeeping time is just as short as it can be—and we're going to help her with quick, simple recipes for evening meals. So watch out for the next Stork Wives Club page.

JSC 457-1625

How to join the Stork Wives Club

All you have to do is to fill in the form below, and send it to us with a postal order for 1/-. This will pay for your registration as a Permanent Member, and help towards the cost of postage.

What will the Club do for you?

The Stork Margarine Cookery Service has been running for over fifteen years, and during that time it has answered many hundreds of thousands of cookery queries, organised hundreds of demonstrations all over the country, and published dozens of booklets and leaflets, including the famous "Art of Home Cooking".

This Cookery Service is at the disposal of any member of the Wives Club. All its own experts are there to solve your kitchen problems. And outside the Cookery Service are many other famous experts who have agreed to help make the Stork Wives Club a success with their advice and suggestions. So the Club will always deal carefully with any cookery or catering enquiry that you like to send in.

As a member, you get immediately the various things in the picture, left. And during the year you'll receive booklets and leaflets on different aspects of cooking and catering!

In this magazine you'll see regular pages about the Stork Wives Club, with recipes, hints and tips for you and your family.

Also on the Stork Wives Club page in this magazine, you'll be seeing competitions you can enter if you're a member of the Club—with very acceptable prizes.

There'll be Stork Cookery Demonstrations in many places across the country in the future—and a very special welcome for Stork Wives Club Members. Come along and get your cooking or catering queries answered in person! Meet the people who help to run your Club.

You must help with future plans, too. It's your Club. So if there's any special question you want dealt with—just write to us. And if there are enough other members who have the same queries as yours we might even get something specially printed for you!

Do you regularly get the Stork Margarine Cookery Service booklets and leaflets? If so, you'll have heard about the Club already, and you're probably a member by now!

The next Stork Wives Club page

Look out for the next Stork Wives Club page in this magazine, in a few weeks' time. There'll be quite a new way of giving recipes—worked out for the sort of busy life you lead! It will be the first of a series called "Which Wife are You?" There'll be some very practical hints for summer picnics. There'll be a competition you can enter—the prize is £25! (See that you're a Club Member by the time the next Stork Wives Club page comes round, and you can go in for the competition.)

Butterscotch Celebration Cake

When we launched our new Club we gave a party for all the experts who have got together to make it a success for you. And the showpiece on our party table was this very delicious Celebration Cake.

Have you a celebration this month—anniversary, birthday or party coming along? If so, treat your family to this butterscotch cake. The recipe is easy to follow. *We* decorated with Storks—*you* could have these, or initials or special motifs.

INGREDIENTS

4 oz. Stork . 5 oz. (5 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour 4 oz. castor sugar . 2 tablespoons Butterscotch Syrup 2 eggs . Butterscotch Icing and chopped nuts to decorate.

Butterscotch Syrup Dissolve 8 oz. demerara sugar in ¼ pint water. Boil moderately fast to 345°F. (or to dark caramel colour). Cool slightly, stir in 2 oz. Stork and 4—6 tablespoons boiling water. Cool.

Sandwich Cream Stork and sugar together. Beat in 2 tablespoons syrup. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Fold in sieved flour. Place in 7 inch square cake tin, lined with greaseproof and brushed with melted Stork. Bake on middle shelf of moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4—360°F.) for 40—45 minutes. Decorate with Butterscotch Icing.

Butterscotch Icing Cream 2 oz. Stork with 4 oz. sieved icing sugar. Beat in 2—3 tablespoons Butterscotch Syrup. Coat sides with chopped nuts.

which are you?

The second type of wife—and what a lot of these there are—is the one with small children. Hers is the job of cooking mid-day meals for young children and producing a hot meal at night, too. She is indoors quite a lot and she can keep her eye on the cooker. For her we've plenty of hints and recipes for simple, nourishing food that tempts children and pleases their daddy when he comes home in the evening.

The third type of wife is the one whose husband and (possibly growing-up) children are out all day but come back in the evening roaring for lots of good, hot food. She has more time than the other wives for preparing some really delicious meals which we have worked out for her. So each Stork Wives Club page will have something special for this wife, too!

Which wife are you? *Remember to look out for recipes which will interest you particularly—they'll be in each Stork Wives Club page in this magazine in the coming months.*

MEMBERSHIP FORM

To Stork Wives Club, (Dept. A3)
9 Great Suffolk Street
London, S.E.1

I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club. I enclose 1/- Postal Order to cover costs of registration as a Permanent Member, and to help towards postage. Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd. and crossed & Co.

I would like a copy of the "Art of Home Cooking" (100-page Cookery Book).

(If you already have this book, please cross out the above.)

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You'll love delicious **P.K.** Chewing Gum, and the tasty chewing aids digestion, soothes your nerves and is a treat between meals.

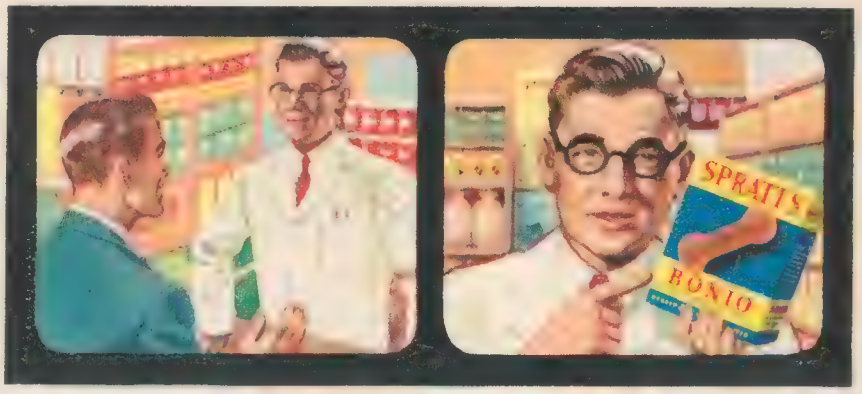
Good to Chew and Good for You!

EP49/56

Peter loves Susan again!

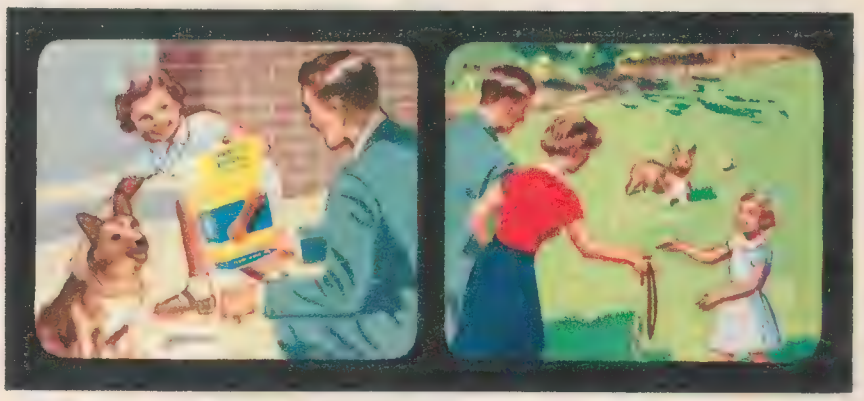
"Peter won't play . . . I don't think he likes me any more!"

WHAT SUSAN'S DADDY THOUGHT:
"He certainly isn't so friendly with Susan now . . . I'll talk to Mr. Green about it."



AT MR. GREEN'S SHOP
"He gets plenty to eat—and we always give him what we have ourselves"

"You are ruining his digestion with soft food! A dog should have hard biteable food; now feed him on Spratt's Dog Biscuits and see the difference."



Mr. Green said "Try him on Spratt's 'Bonio'—and Spratt's 'Mixed Ovals' for the other meal of the day." Quickly Daddy–another BONIO please!

A FEW WEEKS LATER
"Look Mummy, Peter wants me to take him out. Isn't he a nice doggy now?". Mummy thinks "Good old Spratt's".

LOOK at your dog's powerful jaws and magnificent teeth, designed to crush and grind his food. Would you say he needs a soft diet of table scraps and mushy foods *or the good "solid-bite" diet that Spratt's Bonio Biscuits provide?*

SPRATT'S "BONIO" (Regd)

The bone-shaped Biscuit that's Fun as well as Food!

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 41-47 BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.3

Pennyrue

Continued from page 15

stile, he found that there were two people sitting on it.

Through tendrils of fog he recognized Rosemary. The other he saw to be Mike Low, the lad who ran the milk round for Pratt's Farm. Mike was big and gangling, with ginger hair.

"I'm sorry we're in your way, Mr. Fielding," said Rosemary, getting down from the stile.

Mark stared at her, uncertain.

"I owe you an apology," she continued in a meek voice. "Whatever must you have thought of me? I'm so sorry and ashamed. I was quite wrong about everything."

"Wrong?"

"About the pennyrue and everything," she explained. "Mother reminded me. You see, you weren't really the first man I saw that morning. Mike came with the milk, so, you see, it was really Mike all the time. Oh, Mr. Fielding, what an awful mistake to make!"

"Mistake!" cried Mike bitterly. "Do you realize you've ruined my life?"

"I'm ever so sorry, really I am."

"It's an ill wind as doesn't blow nobody summat good," said Mike Low, grinning and throwing an arm about Rosemary.

Rosemary sighed. "I can only say how terribly sorry I am, Mr. Fielding."

"Fat lot of good being sorry now!" said Mark. "You've heard Judith broke it off, I suppose?"

"How wicked of her!" cried Rosemary.

"Wicked?" Mark retorted. "It was wicked of somebody. I'm seeing my solicitors Friday, and you'll be hearing more about this. You needn't think I'm going to take it all lying down. I've got a score to settle with you, Rosemary Faraday."

MARK passed the stile and trudged off into the mist. He had not gone many yards when he heard behind him the unmistakable sound of a kiss. He turned and went back.

"Mike Low!" he said.

"Can't get no privacy anywhere," grumbled Mike. "Ain't you got any tact? Can't you see we——?"

"Now just listen to me, Mike Low," said Mark. "This girl's stuck a knife in my back, but all the same I'm damned if I'll see the likes of you take advantage of her just because she's soft enough to believe this silly twaddle about pennyrue."

"So what?"

"So you lay off," said Mark. "Sling your hook, now, and as fast as you like. D'you hear?"

Mike got down slowly off the stile.

"Nobody talks like that to me," he said. "Why can't you be more polite?"

"I'll be as polite as you like," said Mark. "Only get to hell out of here, sharp!"

"Now if you put it like that," Mike said easily, "that's different. Why didn't you try politeness first off? It don't cost nothing." And he walked off.

"Mark," said Rosemary. "What did you send him away for?"

"I'm not exactly sure," Mark said, momentarily puzzled by the ease of his triumph. "Perhaps because I've a score to settle."

"Oh!" Rosemary said. "You aren't going to murder me?"

"I don't suppose so. I thought I was going to last night, but somehow I didn't. Maybe I just want one of those pork pies. Anyhow, Rosemary, I'll tell you something."

"Yes, Mark?"

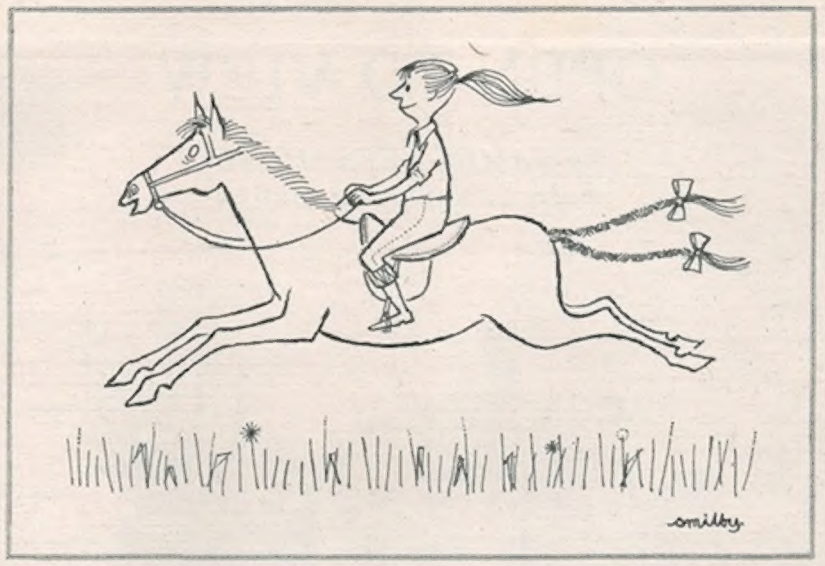
"With pennyrue," he said, "postmen, milkmen, police constables and council dustmen don't count. Didn't you know that?"

And he took her in his arms. . . .

Next morning, Mrs. Faraday saw Rosemary paying the weekly milk bill to the roundsman at the door.

"Oh, surely it couldn't have been all that much!" she cried aghast.

"It was worth every penny," said Rosemary, putting the second pound note in Mike Low's hand. THE END



Zanzabuku

Continued from page 17

portions for their families. Not a thing was wasted. Even the tough skin was cut up to make soup.

When I went to Africa in 1954 to make the film *Zanzabuku* for Republic Pictures, I had a proper expedition, with an assistant and four other cameramen. I wanted to visit the pygmies again, not just for my own satisfaction, but to take pictures of one thrilling achievement of these little people which I had never been able to get. This was the building of a liana bridge across a wide river.

It would not be an easy task, I knew. I had to find the right spot on the right river, assemble a group of pygmies and persuade them to tackle the perilous job of building a bridge for which they might see no necessity.

Hollywood *had* to have the spectacular, so we found a place at which the Ituri River was about ninety feet wide. Throwing a liana bridge across that would make a spectacle indeed.

For a quarter of a mile the river flowed a straight course, with very tall trees lining each bank—a necessity for the pygmy method of bridge-building. But the undergrowth was rather sparse, leaving clear spaces from which my cameras could obtain good shots.

Pygmies were assembled, given gifts and briefed. They seemed agreeable, but I heard a few of them muttering "*Bumbafu! Bumbafu!*" and shaking their heads. When I asked the interpreter what this meant, he seemed a little embarrassed.

"Well, when someone tries to do something very difficult and daring," he said, "even though it may not seem very sensible, he is *bumbafu*. These pygmies don't need a bridge here, but you do, even though it's dangerous and difficult to build one. So you are *bumbafu*—a crazy white man."

From the pygmy point of view, I suppose they were right, but they were eager so long as I gave them gifts.

We set them to work at once clearing some smaller trees that might get in the camera's way. Others bound long and strong lianas, while a few platforms were made on which cameras could be mounted.

The crux of the problem in pygmy bridge building is that the first long liana must somehow be stretched across the river. After that the work is precarious, but relatively simple. We selected a tree, tall and straight at the water's edge, from which the first attempt would be launched.

Looping stout lianas around the trunk, one of the more agile pygmies worked his way up to the first big branch, taking one end of a hawser-like vine with him. He climbed out on the branch and tied the long liana securely to it, using smaller vines as tough as wire to reinforce it. A second long liana was attached about two feet away, so that two long and supple ropes fell to the ground. These were simply the ropes for a giant swing to which a small seat was attached.

The idea was to place a strong young pygmy in the seat, set him swinging, and hope that he could swing out far enough to reach a branch of one of the trees on the opposite bank.

None of the pygmies was particularly eager to act as the swinger. As the time approached for the first launching, I think they looked at the river's width, at the great height of the swing—more than a hundred feet—and found themselves assailed by doubts. But they were very vocal in their insistence that the job could be done.

We settled on a young fellow of about twenty, named Meru, who seemed both proud to have been chosen and afraid to get in the swing. But he looked brave, and when I enumerated the gifts of dried fish, nuts and palm oil, plus several arrows, that would go to the man who carried the first liana across the river, he appeared more eager.

The pygmies had cut a narrow alley in which the swing could be pulled back to launch Meru on his flying mission. A long liana, tied to the seat of the swing, was led back through this path and passed up to two or three pygmies perched high in a tree.

The idea was for them to pull Meru back and up as far as possible, then suddenly let him go. He was equipped with a sharply curved piece of hardwood that he was supposed to latch on to a tree on the far side of the river.

I was afraid that this movement would jerk him right out of the swing seat, but the pygmies assured me that

HONESTY—5

Honesty is the best policy; but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.

Archbishop Richard Whateley

he would be fastened to it securely and would manage to scramble up on to the branch once he caught hold.

Looking quite serious, the young man settled himself in the swing, hooked his arms around the supporting lianas, grasped his wooden hook, and watched carefully while others strapped him to the seat. Then he was hauled back and up, higher and higher.

I had one camera on a platform filming this action and another on the river bank to shoot the flight of the swing across the river.

I gave the signal, "Cut!" and one of the pygmies in the tree cut the hauling liana. Meru's tiny body hurtled down and out at increasing speed, barely missing the trees beside the cleared area. In a fraction of a second he reached the bottom of the arc at the foot of the tree and sped out over the water. But something was wrong.

I heard the groan of a bending branch, and then saw Meru's foot hit the water. His speed dropped, and without reaching the other bank the swing arched back towards us. The pygmies grabbed it, bringing Meru to a stop.

The young fellow was obviously greatly frightened, and I did not blame him. If the branch had broken, he would have been killed. Even if it had bent a little more so that his body had struck the water, he might have been killed by the force of the impact.

He stepped from the swing rather shakily, and I put my arm around his shoulder in an effort to calm and reassure him. He kept shaking his head and muttering to himself, "*Zanzabuku! Zanzabuku!*"

As he gestured at the swing, the branch and the river, shaking his head as if to say "Never again!" I gained a fairly good idea of what he meant. He was trying to tell me that this job was too dangerous for him to tackle.

I have never forgotten that word, *Zanzabuku*, and it has come to my mind again and again when I have suddenly found myself in a hazardous situation. For *Zanzabuku* means something like perilous task or dangerous mission.

I took Meru to one side and we smoked quietly for a while. I wanted to give him a chance to collect himself, and I knew that I had to handle this delicate situation just right. Somehow I had to persuade him to try again.

Realizing that strong measures were called for, I got out a bottle of beer. Meru enjoyed it, as he did the cigarette, and I did not press him for a decision. Instead, I called off work for the day.

I talked to Meru about his elephant hunting, about dancing, about his dog. When I asked him about his wife and children, he said with a rueful expression that he was not married. I learned that there was a girl in a neighbouring pygmy group he wanted for a wife, but he could not persuade his sister to marry a young man in that group and thus make the head-for-head exchange of women that was necessary in pygmy marriages.

THERE was only one thing for me to do—turn matchmaker. I located the sister and talked to her. She was only thirteen and didn't feel like getting married yet. Marriage meant a great deal of hard work, and she was having a good time as it was.

In the end I won her over by offering her food and two pottery jars with which she could start housekeeping. She agreed to take the young man from the neighbouring group right away, and that meant Meru could have the girl he wanted. He was overjoyed, the next day when all this was settled, and agreed to make one more effort to span the river.

We fastened his swing to a sturdier branch. Then he was lashed to the seat, given his hook, and started on the backward pull. Higher and higher he rose until I gave the signal. Down and out he flashed, and this time nothing went wrong. He arched out over the river and up towards the branch on the opposite shore. At the top of his swing, his arm darted out with the hook—and missed the branch by inches.

A groan went up from all the pygmies, but Meru was no longer frightened and wanted to try again.

This time he looped up gracefully towards the distant branch, lunged with his hook and held fast. His body jerked so violently that I felt sure he would lose his grip, but he pulled himself up slowly until he lay panting on his long-sought goal.

"*Mukaramisu!*" the pygmies cried, deservedly calling Meru "fearless one."

Everything after that was like an anticlimax, although there were many fascinating shots for the cameras as the main supporting vines were placed lower down on both trees, arching down like the cables of a suspension bridge. Ladders were built at either end, and vines were interwoven to make a strong network across the river.

Finally the day came when I ascended the ladder at one end, and stepped on to the bridge. It swayed and danced under my feet, and I looked with a good deal of trepidation at the rushing waters below. But the bridge was strong and would no doubt last a long time.

It had been a long and arduous task, but in the end it had turned out so

well that I felt like celebrating. I gave Meru more than I had promised, and made sure that the essential marriages would take place. When I left the Ituri Forest the third time I felt happy. And somehow, I no longer felt that the pygmies were strange or unusual human beings. We had been through too much together. . . .

When you leave the steaming, dripping, stifling tropical forest of the pygmies, you can drive in one day to an African Switzerland where the air is clear and dry, the temperature balmy by day and a little chilly by night. In a few hours you may go from the home of the tiny pygmy to that of the aristocratic Watussi, where the men stand seven to eight feet tall.

On the way from tropics to mountains you will cross the equator and snow-covered peaks. Later you will see volcanoes, the Virunga group, and nestled at their feet the most beautiful lake in the world, Kivu, whose waters hold no crocodiles or other dangers, whose shores are infested with no mosquitoes or tsetse flies.

On my first trip to the Watussi country, in 1937, I stayed at the mission of the White Fathers, where I was welcomed by Father de Bekker, a sturdy, blue-eyed Dutchman. The Fathers were extremely well informed about the Watussi and their country.

Father de Bekker felt certain that the Watussi had come from Egypt many centuries ago. In some time of terrible drought, a noble clan with great herds of fine cattle had sought better pasture lands to the south, walking across deserts and through heavy bush country until they finally reached Ruanda.

The Watussi are a minority—about twenty thousand out of four million—but this country is unmistakably theirs. They have razed thousands of square miles of forest as grazing land for their sacred cattle, whose graceful white horns have a spread of ten feet and whose heads are often bejewelled.

Some unusually tall men are gangling; the Watussi move gracefully no matter what they are doing. Their robes are designed, too, to aid the aura of dignity and grace—long flowing robes like a Roman senator's toga, snowy white with sunbursts of gold or broad red stripes. They are simple and rich, draped just right on tall, thin bodies.

You never see a fat Watussi man or woman, but all Watussi babies are fat, for they live on nothing but milk—sweet or curdled—until puberty. Then the diet and the physique change. Milk in some form still occupies an important place in adult diet, but fermented honey is added, and bananas, occasionally some meat, and a few vegetables.

GREAT changes took place among the Watussi between my visits in 1937 and 1946. When I first went there, the young King Rudahigwa lived in a traditional *inzu*, a large domed structure of poles and thatch.

By 1946 he had turned Christian, and had moved into a brick and concrete house with flush toilets, picture windows and broadloom carpets. A meeting then could only be arranged through the Belgian resident, but in 1937 the king came from his house and greeted me with a handshake.

Over seven feet tall, dressed in robes that were resplendent but not more so than others of his court, he looked alert, intelligent and every inch a leader.

We talked for a while in French—Rudahigwa's command was perfect, mine halting—and then I presented him with a black silk umbrella and a small silk American flag. He seemed pleased, but I did not know if he really liked my gifts or was just being polite, for it is not an easy task to choose a present for a king, even an African king.

King Rudahigwa showed me the great ceremonial drums, most sacred possessions of the race, which are supposed to accompany him everywhere. The royal drums have names. Three of them—Ishakwe, Inyahura and Inumvu—are beaten each morning to announce that the king has awakened and that all the Watussi must wake. They announce his retirement, even though he has usually not gone to bed, and nobody else goes to bed then. But it is tradition, and Rudahigwa insists upon preserving the good traditions of his race.

The most sacred of all Watussi drums is the Kalinga, symbol of authority of the king. It is the equivalent of crown, sceptre and seal. Without it a king is powerless.

At the end of my visit, King Rudahigwa invited me to attend the great festival which is held only two or three times yearly.

The opening event was the high jump. In front of the jumping standard was placed the top of a hard ant-hill, a few inches high, as a kind of springboard. A Watussi youth tucked his toga around his waist and raced towards the standard. On the last of his enormous strides his foot reached the ant-hill, and he soared over the bar.

The bar was first set at about five and a half feet, and all the jumpers—there were five or six—cleared it by at least a foot. It was raised rapidly until it rested at more than eight feet. All jumpers sailed over it just as easily as before.

I thought, as has every traveller witnessing the Watussi high-jump, that a team should go to the Olympic Games some time. They would not be allowed to leap from the little mound, but I have no doubt that they would break all records by several inches.

Later in the celebrations came some of the most spectacular dancing I have ever seen. The Watussi dancers would bring down the house in any theatre in the world.

One secret is their tall elegance, and another the beautiful costuming which is designed to enhance and accentuate their movements. But the primary reason for their superiority is that they are professional dancers, trained from childhood to dance for the entertainment of the king and his court.

The result is ballet—with all the controlled grace of that highly developed art, plus the dynamic fire of elementary savagery, of war, of the hunt. And all this on an open air stage of several acres, at an altitude of six thousand feet against a backdrop of far-ranging mountains and equatorial sky.

Fifty or more dancers rushed on to the field to the accompaniment of a rolling fanfare from the orchestra and their own war whoops.

They were led by Butare, son of one of the highest Watussi princes and a minister at the king's court. He wore a toga of fiery red cloth, and when it swirled about his legs, it looked like leaping flames.

Butare's white teeth flashed in a happy smile as he led his dancers. He made leaps of astounding length and grace, leaps in which he floated through the air in defiance of the law of gravity.

Every muscle contributed to each movement; the toes, the fingers, the arch of the supple neck, the flashing eyes all spoke the same message. The skirt, the streaming head-dress, the long staff in his hand—each item became an extension of his body as he advanced to the charge, swerved and retreated, whirled and thrust again in an increasing frenzy of combat, climaxed by victory over the enemy and an exultant pirouette of triumph.

Throughout the dances a special group on the sidelines had urged the dancers on. When the dancing ended I was limp and exhausted, but I looked happily down at my camera, for in it lay the first coloured pictures ever taken of the Watussi dancers.

THE Watussi women are reserved, aloof, rarely seen by outsiders—and never filmed. They are not the beasts of burden and the drudges of all work that women of other African tribes are. They are never forced to marry against their will, for example, and they have the right of divorce.

Watussi husbands treat their wives as companions, as equals, as persons of intelligence to be consulted on all affairs pertaining to the family. Watussi women weave lovely cloth and oversee the management of the home and the bringing up of the children. But they do no menial tasks.

It was the Belgian administrator in Ruanda, who, after consulting with Rudahigwa, made it possible for me to visit several Watussi ladies in 1946 and to film them.

Even then it was no easy task. I could not pay them or give them gifts. I had to ask them to inconvenience themselves and go through something that no Watussi women ever had. They agreed reluctantly.

As the filming of scenes over a period of several days continued, however, they became more and more friendly, though always reserved. In the end, I was able to get pictures of them being carried in their palanquins by their Bahutu servants, as if on a trip to visit friends; then the meeting with friends and gathering together in the compound of one of their houses. I took pictures of several of them weaving baskets, another of them playing games, another of servants bringing them food.

My admiration grew the more I saw them. Rarely have I seen such poise, natural and without affectation.

When I was leaving and trying ineffectually to express my gratitude to the ladies, they thanked me instead, and one of them presented me with a gift—a low, hand-carved stool which I had admired.

It was really a touching gesture. I had come to Africa in search of the primitive and here had encountered such good manners and generosity as are rarely surpassed.

NEXT WEEK: We rope elephants and fight a charging rhinoceros

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The boy who played in a Westerham garden was to die at thirty-two—the hero of Quebec

IN 1726, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe and his young wife moved with his regiment to Westerham. The colonel rented Spiers, a comfortable red-brick house with tall gables and russet-toned roofs which stood at the lower end of the town. The couple had not been many months in their new home before the colonel was called away on duty. His wife, in order not to be alone, went to stay at the vicarage. There on January 2, 1727, she gave birth to her first child, James. Her husband soon returned and the family went back to Spiers for eleven more years.

Colonel and Mrs. Wolfe were simple and deeply religious people. Spiers (now called Quebec House) and its garden made an unostentatious background to the life of dedicated service which was to make their son James one of England's great heroes.

James Wolfe always regarded Westerham as home. He was a firm friend of the second son of Mr. John Warde of Westerham's big house, Squerryes Court, and he often stayed there. It was while playing in the garden at Squerryes one day in November, 1741, that Wolfe, a youth of fourteen, received his commission. Years later, his friend had an urn erected on the spot where the future general tore open the letter which was to decide his career.

At sixteen, Wolfe fought at Dettingen. He was a lieutenant-colonel before he was twenty-three, and in 1757, when he was thirty, was quartermaster-general of the expedition against Rochefort. His zeal earned him the praise of King George II. When a courtier complained that Wolfe was mad, the king turned on him. "Mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some other of my generals."

The story of Wolfe's brilliant campaigns against the French in Canada is history. During the capture of Quebec he was desperately wounded. When told that the enemy were retreating at all points he said: "Now I die contented."

He was thirty-two. His body was brought back to England wrapped in a dressing gown which is preserved to this day at Quebec House, now a property of the National Trust.

How to get there: Westerham is served by rail (S.R.), by Green Line coaches, and by buses from Croydon, Bromley and Edenbridge. *Open:* March to December: Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 10 to 1, 2 to 5.

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How To Help	Umpire Dad
Big Things	Ought To Be Thrown Out
It May Be Legal, But	At The Hospital
The Parson	Roaming In The Gloaming

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 2, for early news of No. 2,039 result.)

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